THE AMERICAN WEST

BUFFALO BILL'S WILD WEST
THE VISIT OF THEIR MAJESTIES
KING EDWARD VII & QUEEN ALEXANDRA, WITH ROYAL PARTY,
TO THE WILD WEST CAMP, OLYMPIA, LONDON, ENGLAND, MARCH 14TH 1903.

XUM

Cover: During the first ten years of its existence, Buffalo Bill's Wild West show was the *sine qua non* of the illusion-making "frontier" entertainment—bringing its flamboyant interpretation of the West to all the fascinated towns of the American East and to the capitals of Europe, where kings, queens, princes, and at least one pope paid their respects to a West that probably never was. On the back cover of this issue of THE AMERICAN WEST is reproduced a poster from one of the show's French excursions, with William F. Cody himself proclaiming, "I am coming." The front cover illustration is from the Don Russell collection. The back cover illustration is reproduced through the courtesy of the Whitney Gallery of Western Art, Cody, Wyoming.

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THE MAGAZINE OF WESTERN HISTORY

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Cody, Kings, and Coronets *by Don Russell* 4

Hallelujah, on the Bum *by Edward Abbey* 11

Fire in the Hole *by Otis E Young, Jr.* 15

Portraits for a Western Album: IX
The Black Knight of Zayante *by Richard Dillon* 21

On the Raising of Ostriches for Little Fun and Less Profit *by Joseph Fabry and Max Knight* 22

Reclamation *by Paul S. Taylor* 27

Eskimo *by William Bronson* 34

A Matter of Opinion
Microcosm *by A. B. Guthrie, Jr.* 48

The American West Review 49

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Forest near Beartrack Cove, Glacier Bay National Monument, Alaska (Ansel Adams photograph).

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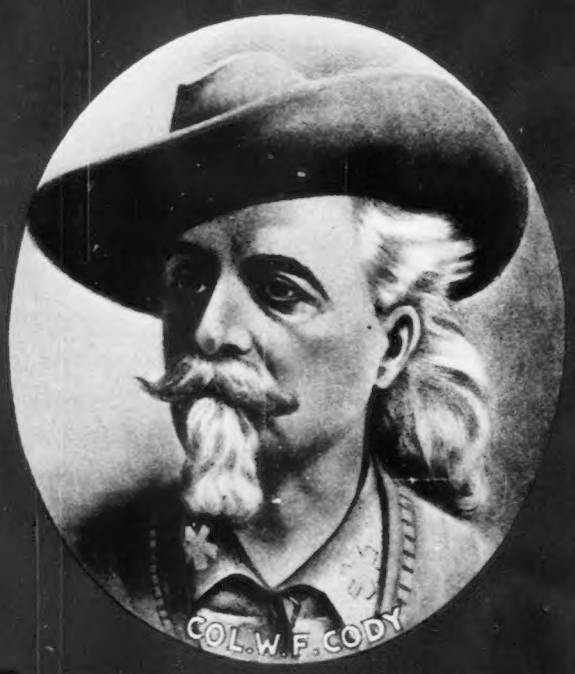
BY DON RUSSELL

A Sprightly Account of Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show at Home and Abroad . . .

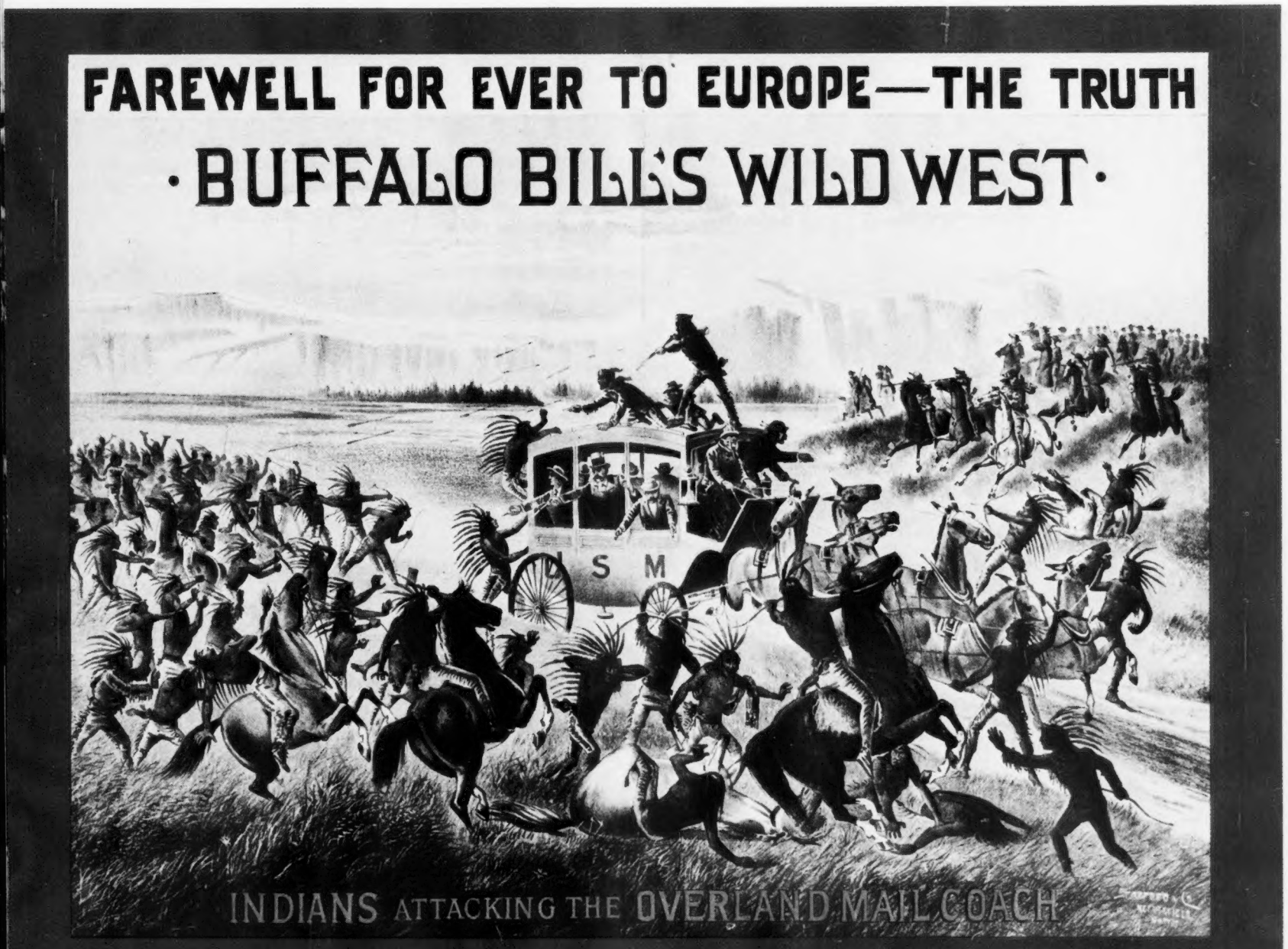


CODY, KINGS, & CORONETS

BUFFALO BILL, sometimes known more formally as William Frederick Cody, but not yet dubbed Colonel, came home to North Platte, Nebraska, in the early summer of 1882 at the close of his tenth season in stage melodrama. According to the late William McDonald, who was there at the time, Cody came into Charles J. Foley's store. Charles F. Ormsby, onetime mayor of North Platte, and other leading citizens were already there. Cody asked what had been planned for celebrating the Fourth of July. When told that nothing was scheduled, "Cody mumbled something to the effect that he was surprised, then went up the street to the saloon, but he hardly stayed long enough to get a drink. He wasn't one to take a drink just to get his mouth wet. He came back, protesting that it was not patriotic not to have a Fourth of July celebration. Ormsby and Foley said, 'OK, Bill, you are chairman to get up a celebration.' "

So Buffalo Bill set about planning North Platte's "Old Glory Blow Out." There are those who have doubted his energy and his managerial ability, but he manifested both this time. The arena was a race track with a fence around it. Buffalo Bill proposed to give a demonstration of his methods of killing buffalo, using steers and blank ammunition. McDonald recalled that M. C. Keefe had a small herd of buffalo that might be borrowed. Cody persuaded businessmen to offer prizes for roping, shooting, riding, and bronco-breaking events; five thousand handbills were sent out. Cody estimated he might get one hundred cowboy entrants; he actually got one thousand. It has been said that no similar event ever had so many able competitors. The unprecedented and unexpected success gave Cody an idea.

That Fourth of July, 1882, in North Platte marks the beginning of both the Wild West show and the rodeo. It was not, however, the "first" for either. Rodeo historians are sound in tracing their sport to the byplay and show-off of



early cattle roundups. Captain Mayne Reid, author of *The Scalp Hunters* and *The Rifle Rangers,* wrote from Santa Fe in 1847: "This roundup is a great time for the cowhands, a Donnybrook fair it is indeed. They contest with each other for the best roping and throwing, and there are horse races and whiskey and wines."

The Wild West was brought to New York as early as 1843 by way of Boston, where a herd of yearling buffalo had been exhibited at the celebration dedicating Bunker Hill monument. P. T. Barnum bought the herd and announced a one-day "Grand Buffalo Hunt," free to the public in Hoboken —after he had chartered the ferryboats for the day. His hunter roped a calf or two, and a free band concert helped the crowd enjoy being humbugged, according to Barnum.

Many of the elements that made up Buffalo Bill's Wild West,* then, were already in existence when William F. Cody got his idea for a new type of outdoor entertainment. What was different about it was this combination in a formula that spelled success.

Cody continued his theatrical season through the winter of 1882/83, at the same time signing talent for the show he was planning. During his tour Cody met Dr. William F. Carver in New Haven, and the result was a partnership. Carver billed himself as "Champion Shot of the World," and as he had toured Europe from 1879 to 1882 challenging all comers, the claim had some validity. Another addition to this first Wild West show was Captain Adam H. Bogardus, billed—surprisingly, considering his long rivalry with the quarrelsome Carver —as the "Champion Pigeon Shot of America."

*A few definitions may clear the air at this point. The word *circus* was always anathema on the Buffalo Bill lot. So was *show*. The billing was invariably "Buffalo Bill's Wild West" without the added explanatory "show." If cornered on this, its general manager and press agent, John M. Burke, certainly one of the world's top publicists, would insist that it was an "exhibition."

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The first rehearsal was at Colville (later Columbus), Nebraska, where Cody's insistence on authenticity in every detail nearly caused disaster. The Deadwood stagecoach he had obtained from Luke Voorhees, manager of the Cheyenne and Black Hills Stage Line, was drawn by a team of almost unbroken mules with a veteran driver, Fred Mathews, at the reins. When Major Frank North's Pawnees charged with a war whoop and shooting of blank cartridges, the mules bolted. The runaway continued around the hippodrome track, to the great distress of the major and councilmen, who were first among many distinguished guests to ride the Deadwood stagecoach in the show.

Major Frank North suggested that what was needed was more illusion and less realism—some worn-out hack horses and old Indians with less ambition. Major North himself was one element of the realism. He had commanded expeditions of Pawnee Scouts since 1864, notably in 1869 with the Fifth U.S. Cavalry, of which Cody was chief of scouts. The exploits of Major North and his Pawnee Scouts had become legendary by 1883. (There were others in that first company destined for future billing. One was Gordon William Lillie, a teacher in the industrial school of the Pawnee agency, later to be known variously as Major Lillie, Pawnee Bill, and the "White Chief of the Pawnees.")

From his Theatrical Combination, Cody recruited John M. Burke as general manager and Jule Keene as treasurer. Burke called himself "Arizona John" and "Major," neither for any ascertainable reason, and gained a reputation as one of the world's great press agents. His writing featured sentences so overloaded with polysyllabic adjectives that they never arrived anywhere. Thus Cody had a staff experienced in show business, if not in the new-type venture.

The Wild West, Hon. W. F. Cody and Dr. W. F. Carver's Rocky Mountain and Prairie Exhibition, opened at the Omaha Fair Grounds, May 19, 1883. Besides the attack on the Deadwood stagecoach, the show included many acts that were to become standard: the Pony Express, bucking broncos in "Cow-Boys' Fun," roping and riding wild Texas steers, much shooting, and many races. The closing spectacle was "A Grand Hunt on the Plains," with buffalo, elk, deer, mountain sheep, wild horses, and longhorns.

Carver had an off day in his shooting, perhaps because of too much celebrating prior to the opening, so Cody tried his hand at some glass balls as targets. His performance was so successful that his act became a regular part of the show. The show had no tentage and no lighting. An attempt at a night show with bonfires, flares, and rockets flopped, so the show settled for afternoon engagements at fairgrounds and similar arenas during its first season's tour. It played Springfield, Illinois, and Chicago, then went to Boston, Newport, and Coney Island. The Hartford *Courant* declared it "the best open-air show ever seen. . . . The real sight of the whole thing is, after all, Buffalo Bill. . . . Cody was an extraordinary figure and sits on a horse as if he were born to the saddle. His feats of shooting are perfectly wonderful. . . . He has, in this exhibition, out-Barnumed Barnum."

Just how successful Cody and Carver were during the first season of the Wild West is unclear. Cody wrote his sister Julia that he had not made much money but that he had spent freely for advertising and facilities for the following season. Nate Salsbury, who was shortly to become a partner, said Cody told him in Chicago in October that he would not go through another season with Carver. The break came when Carver proposed a winter tour. Cody refused, and the two men divided their assets when the show closed at Omaha.

John Peter Altgeld, later a famed liberal governor of Illi-

Group of Buffalo Bill's Wild West cowboys, photographed by James E. Hunt, Nottingham, and reproduced in Paris program, 1905.

A part of the Indian contingent of Buffalo Bill's Wild West on board the S. S. Princessen *en route to Germany in 1891.*

nois, drew up the contract under which Cody, Bogardus, and Salsbury carried on the show to be known as "Buffalo Bill's Wild West—America's National Entertainment." Salsbury, just two days younger than Cody, had run away from home at fifteen to join the Union Army in the Civil War. He was captured and imprisoned in Andersonville, started the study of law after the war, but was detoured to the stage by way of amateur theatricals. After an apprenticeship in stock companies, he organized his own company, the "Troubadours," with which he toured for twelve years, including a trip to Australia. He stayed with this troupe during the season of 1884 to keep the pot boiling for the Wild West.

However, when Salsbury visited the lot in the spring, he found Cody "surrounded by a lot of harpies called old-timers who were getting as drunk as he at his expense." He left a letter for Cody to read when he sobered up. There is persistent legendry that Nate limited Bill to one, or ten, or twelve drinks a day, which Bill took in the largest available glassware. The fact is that Cody promised, "This drinking surely ends today and your pard will be himself, and on deck all the time." The evidence indicates that Cody hewed to the line and that he never missed a performance because of being drunk—nor did he hesitate to notify Nate that "when the show is laid up for winter, I am going to get on a drunk that is a drunk."

Over the next several years, the Cody-Salsbury partnership developed Buffalo Bill's Wild West into one of the leading entertainment spectacles of its time, taking the show to most of the major cities in the eastern United States and on a major tour of Canada.

During this time they also added to the cast such crowd-pleasing luminaries as Sitting Bull, who joined in 1885 for a few months; "Doc" Middleton, the renowned Nebraska ban-

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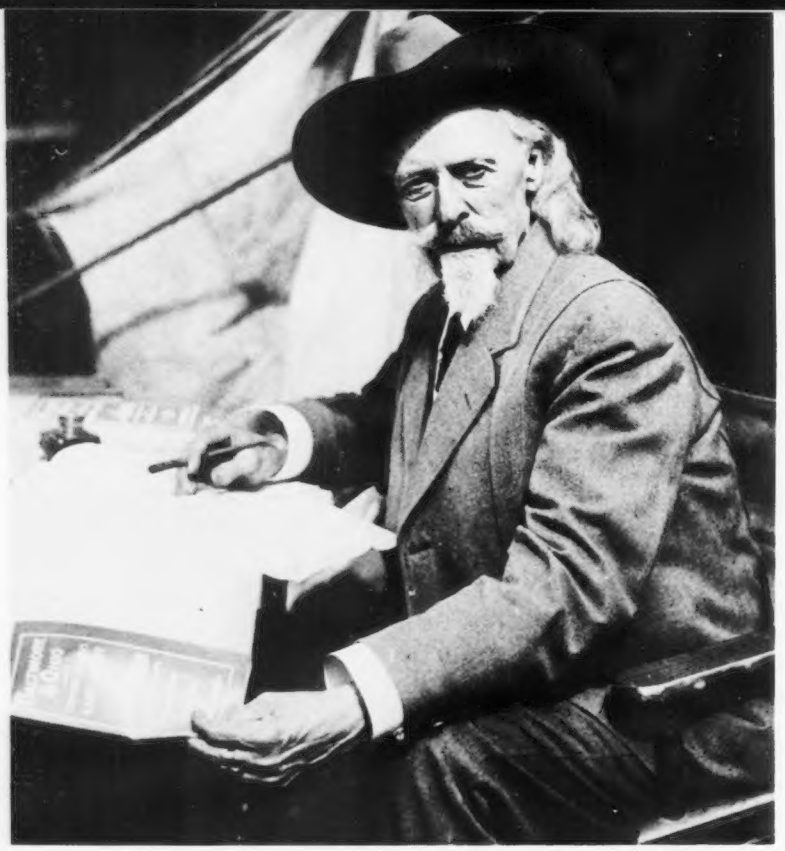

William F. Cody, often prone to put pleasure before business, could in fact forego bar-hopping for more mundane activities; he is seen here laying out the route for one of his show's eastern engagements.

Annie Oakley (Mrs. Frank Butler), or "Little Sure Shot," as she was dubbed by none other than Sitting Bull for such feats of marksmanship as shattering 943 out of 1,000 glass balls tossed into the air.

dit; and the redoubtable Annie Oakley—"Little Sure Shot." These were viewed by other notables from the stands—General Sherman, Mark Twain, P. T. Barnum, Thomas A. Edison, and Mrs. George Armstrong Custer, widow of the general slain at the Little Big Horn. All had words of praise for the show, and they were not alone; in one July week the attendance totaled 193,960.

Both Cody and Salsbury had long been ambitious to show the Wild West in Europe. The opportunity came with an offer to take part in the American Exhibition planned for Queen Victoria's Golden Jubilee in 1887 in London. The State Line steamship *State of Nebraska* was engaged, and the on-board count of the "company of more than two hundred" totaled 83 saloon passengers, 38 steerage passengers, and 37 Indians. Livestock included 180 horses, 18 buffalo, ten elk, ten mules, five Texas steers, four donkeys, and two deer. After unloading at Gravesend, three trains took the show to Earl's Court, London, where camp was set up. Notables of stage and politics, Henry Irving, Ellen Terry, Mary Anderson, Justin McCarthy, and William E. Gladstone visited the camp, and on May 5, four days before the opening, a special perfomance was given for Albert Edward, Prince of Wales (who became King Edward VII), and his royal party. This resulted in a command performance for Queen Victoria, her first appearance at a public entertainment since the death of her consort, Prince Albert.

Another command performance was given June 20 for the Jubilee guests, and it was on this occasion that the Deadwood coach carried four kings in addition to the Prince of Wales, with Buffalo Bill as driver. The kings were Leopold II of Belgium, Christian IX of Denmark, George I of Greece, and Albert of Saxony. Said the Prince of Wales, an experienced poker player:

"Colonel, you never held four kings like this before."

"I've held four kings," said Cody, "but four kings and the Prince of Wales makes a royal flush such as no man ever held before."

The interest of royalty in the Wild West was exceeded only by that of the common people. Lew Parker records that on Easter Monday 83,000 passed the turnstiles of the Exhibition Grounds. The crush of people threatened to collapse a viaduct until quick-thinking showmen sent a band to draw them off. Despite the attraction of a Cyclorama of New York harbor contributed by Frédéric Auguste Bartholdi, sculptor of the Statue of Liberty, the American Exhibition was dominated by Buffalo Bill's Wild West. The *Times* recorded that Cody "found himself the hero of the London season." Marshall P. Wilder, American dwarf comedian and writer, declared:

> . . . the greatest, most unapproachable, thoroughly howling success that America ever sent to London was Buffalo Bill. I must express my pride and delight, as an American, at the figure Bill cut in society. . . . Bill always knew exactly what to do and say . . . always kept his heart and manners in good working order.

The New World meets the Very Old: Pope Leo XIII blesses the properly respectful members of Cody's show during the 1890 European tour.

The show itself was greatly enlarged. Steele Mackaye's scenic effects were applied to an arena enclosed by a track one-third mile in circumference. William Sweeney's Cowboy Band of thirty-six mounted musicians gave a half-hour concert of classical and popular music preceding the performance. The spectacles included "Custer's Last Fight," the attack on the settler's cabin, a buffalo hunt, and the run of the Deadwood stagecoach. The square dance on horseback featured Emma Lake, sometimes billed as Emma Lake Hickok, daughter of Agnes Lake, a circus owner who married Wild Bill shortly before he was killed in Deadwood. Emma taught her horse to jump to music and stand on his hind legs to bow. The all-star cast included Annie Oakley, Lillian Smith, and Johnny Baker in shooting acts; Buck Taylor, King of the Cowboys; Antonio Esquivel, top rider; Mustang Jack, or Jim Kidd, recently married to Lillian Smith; Jim Mitchell; Mrs. Georgia Duffy, rough rider of Wyoming; the veteran Con Groner; and many more.

The show played London from May 9 to October 31. Annie Oakley, who had also been lionized in London, quit the show at this time to accept an invitation to Berlin from Crown Prince Wilhelm—the Kaiser of World War I. Buffalo Bill's Wild West went on to Birmingham November 5. At Manchester in December a *Depiction of American Pioneer History* was modeled after the indoor show at Madison Square Garden the previous winter. An added scene was a prairie fire stampeding animals and imperiling an emigrant train, effected by burning a small amount of grass behind a steam curtain some distance in front of it. The Manchester engagement continued from December 17 to April 30, but slowing business persuaded Cody and Salsbury to return home. The final performance at Hull, May 5, drew crowds on numerous excursion trains. The show sailed next day and on arrival at New York opened another engagement at Erastina.

Cody and Salsbury were ready for another invasion of Europe in 1889. This tour was to last four years. The *Persian Monarch* was engaged, with landing at Le Havre and a long stand scheduled at the Exposition Universale in Paris. President Sadi-Carnot attended the opening, and while crowned heads were not as numerous as at Queen Victoria's Jubilee, the Shah of Persia, Nasr-ul-Deen, attended, and Queen Isabella of Spain rode in the Deadwood coach.

The Paris program for *L'Ouest Sauvage de Buffalo Bill* followed the pattern that was becoming standardized—the Pony Express, the attack on the emigrant train, the Virginia quadrille on horseback, *"L'amusement des cowboys,"* the attack on the Deadwood coach, Indian dances, the buffalo hunt, many races and many shooting acts. Annie Oakley was back in her usual spot early in the program, Johnny Baker and Buffalo Bill did their accustomed acts, while pistol shooting was demonstrated by M. C. L. Daly. Also featured were Buck Taylor, King of the Cowboys; Tony Esquivel, champion vaquero rider; Gabriel Dumont, exiled leader of Riel's Rebellion in Canada; and John Y. Nelson and his Indian family.

After the Paris Exposition the Wild West toured southern France, including stops at Lyon and Marseille, then took ship for Barcelona. Buffalo Bill landed American Indians there 398 years after Columbus returned to Barcelona following his discovery of America, and Major John Burke played all the publicity angles. However, Barcelona was in partial quarantine for typhoid fever and influenza. Frank Richmond, the show's popular announcer, and four Indians died there; seven more ailing Indians were sent home, and Annie Oakley was seriously ill.

The tour of Spain was cut short, and the show moved on to Italy, opening in Naples, January 26, 1890. In Rome a Wild West delegation was blessed by Pope Leo XIII. Buffalo Bill had to give up his ambition of playing the Colosseum, finding it too dilapidated, but a few weeks later used the Roman amphitheatre of Diocletian at Verona. The best break at Rome came when Don Onorto Herzog of Sermonetta, Prince of Teano, challenged the cowboys to ride his Cajetan stallions, which of course they did. After Florence, Bologna, and Milan, the Indians were photographed April 16 in Venice's gondolas.

The 1890 tour continued to Innsbruck and the Tyrol to Munich; then to Vienna, Berlin, Dresden, Leipzig, Bonn, Coblenz, and Frankfurt, ending the season at Stuttgart.

When Cody landed in New York, he was handed a telegram from Major General Nelson A. Miles, requesting him to come

to Chicago. The Ghost Dance initiated by a messiah known as Wovoka, or Jack Wilson, had excited the Indians of the Plains, and Miles feared an outbreak of Sioux. Cody agreed to attempt to "arrest" Sitting Bull. He possibly could have persuaded the chief to come in and have a talk with Miles. But Cody was unable to complete his mission, for Sitting Bull was killed when Indian police were sent to arrest him. The Wounded Knee fight followed, and Cody took the field as brigadier general of the Nebraska state troops. Happily the last of the Indian wars were short-lived and relatively bloodless.

Nate Salsbury had not been idle in the show's winter quarters. Faced with the possibility that the Indians might not return as performers, he put into effect his first idea of a show "that would embody the whole subject of horsemanship." From his headquarters in central Europe, he recruited German and English soldiers, and a dozen Cossacks who, added to United States soldiers, Argentine gauchos, Mexican vaqueros, cowboys and cowgirls—and fortuitously, Indians—made a colorful and imposing "Congress of Rough Riders of the World," a phrase that became firmly attached to the show's title from 1893 onward. Quite probably it inspired Theodore Roosevelt's Rough Riders, the First United States Regiment of Volunteer Cavalry of the Spanish-American War.

The 1891 tour resumed the swing through Germany with stops at Karlsruhe, Mannheim, Mainz, Wiesbaden, Cologne, Dortmund, Duisburg, Krefeld, Aachen, and Berlin. Kaiser Wilhelm II, whose interest in the American West had been sparked by his Potsdam schoolmate Poultney Bigelow, was a frequent visitor. German army officers studied the show's logistics—the continuous-procession unloading of flatcars, the rolling kitchens, the split-second camp-making methods developed by American outdoor shows to make possible their schedule of parade and two shows daily.

Queen Wilhelmina attended the performance in Holland, after which the Wild West embarked at Antwerp for an English tour that included Liverpool, Manchester, Leeds, Sheffield, and Birmingham. A six-day stand at Cardiff, Wales, in September proved highly profitable. For the winter Steele Mackaye's indoor pageant was revived at Glasgow. Employment for this engagement of Sam Lockart's performing elephants and a group of Zulus brought to Europe by Henry M. Stanley presaged the Far East idea of a later period.

The 1892 season opened with a return to Earl's Court, London. Queen Victoria was eager to see the Cossacks, led by Prince Ivan Rostomov Macheradse, reputed descendant of Mazeppa, and a special showing was made up for Windsor Castle. The Cossacks proved far the most popular of the world's rough riders with their colorful costumes and unorthodox feats of horsemanship, so much so that they became a necessary feature of even the smallest of Wild West shows.

Cody landed in New York, October 24, 1892, marking the end of his show's four-year tour of Europe. The following season was to be his biggest and best—some have said the most prosperous in outdoor show business—Buffalo Bill's Wild West and Congress of Rough Riders of the World, at the World's Columbian Exposition in Chicago, 1893.

The World's Columbian Commission did not exactly invite Buffalo Bill to take part in the celebration of the four-hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America, despite his subdued advertising emphasizing a Congress of Nations while spelling out Wild West in the smallest of type. In fact, the Buffalo Bill show was not admitted to the exposition grounds. Fortunately, Nate Salsbury had the forethought to lease a lot near the main entrance between 62nd and 63rd streets. The World's Fair had a total gate of 27,539,041, and

Continued on page 62

On the perhaps unwarranted assumption that red-blooded American cowboys were not excitement enough, Buffalo Bill's Wild West added a troupe of Cossacks in 1891; together with U.S., German, and English cavalrymen, Argentine gauchos, and Mexican vaqueros, they made up the imposing Congress of Rough Riders of the World.

XUM

HALLELUJAH, on the Bum

A young man's pilgrimage across the great West from the warm, green hills of Pennsylvania

IN THE SUMMER OF 1944, the year before I fell in love, I hitchhiked from Pennsylvania to Seattle by way of Chicago and Yellowstone National Park; from Seattle down the coast to San Francisco; and from there by way of Needles via boxcar, thumb, and bus through the Southwest back home to the old farm, three months later. I started out with twenty dollars in my pocket and a piece of advice, cryptic I'd say, from my old man: "Don't let anybody take you for a punk." I didn't know what he meant. I was seventeen: wise, brown, ugly, shy, poetical; a bold, stupid, sun-dazzled kid, out to see the country before giving his life in the war against Japan. A kind of hero, by God. Terrified but willing.

Chicago. A good truckdriver took me through the core of the city, right through the Loop, and even in summer it seemed to me the bleakest, hardest, coldest town I'd ever seen; I've never been back. In Minnesota I was picked up by a kindly, middle-aged man who tried to seduce me; I didn't understand what he wanted, and resisted his timid advances. I was so innocent, so ignorant, I had never even heard of

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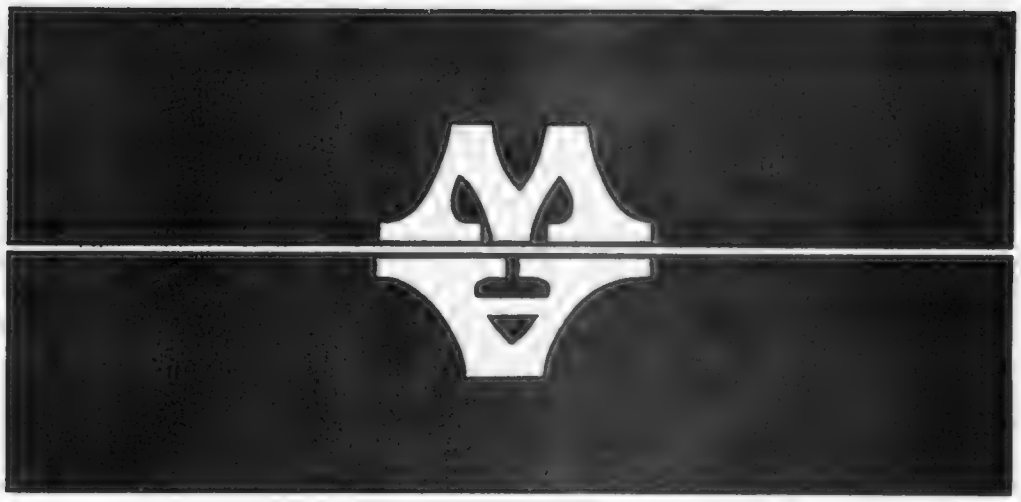
Continued on page 62

On the perhaps unwarranted assumption that red-blooded American cowboys were not excitement enough, Buffalo Bill's Wild West added a troupe of Cossacks in 1891; together with U.S., German, and English cavalrymen, Argentine gauchos, and Mexican vaqueros, they made up the imposing Congress of Rough Riders of the World.



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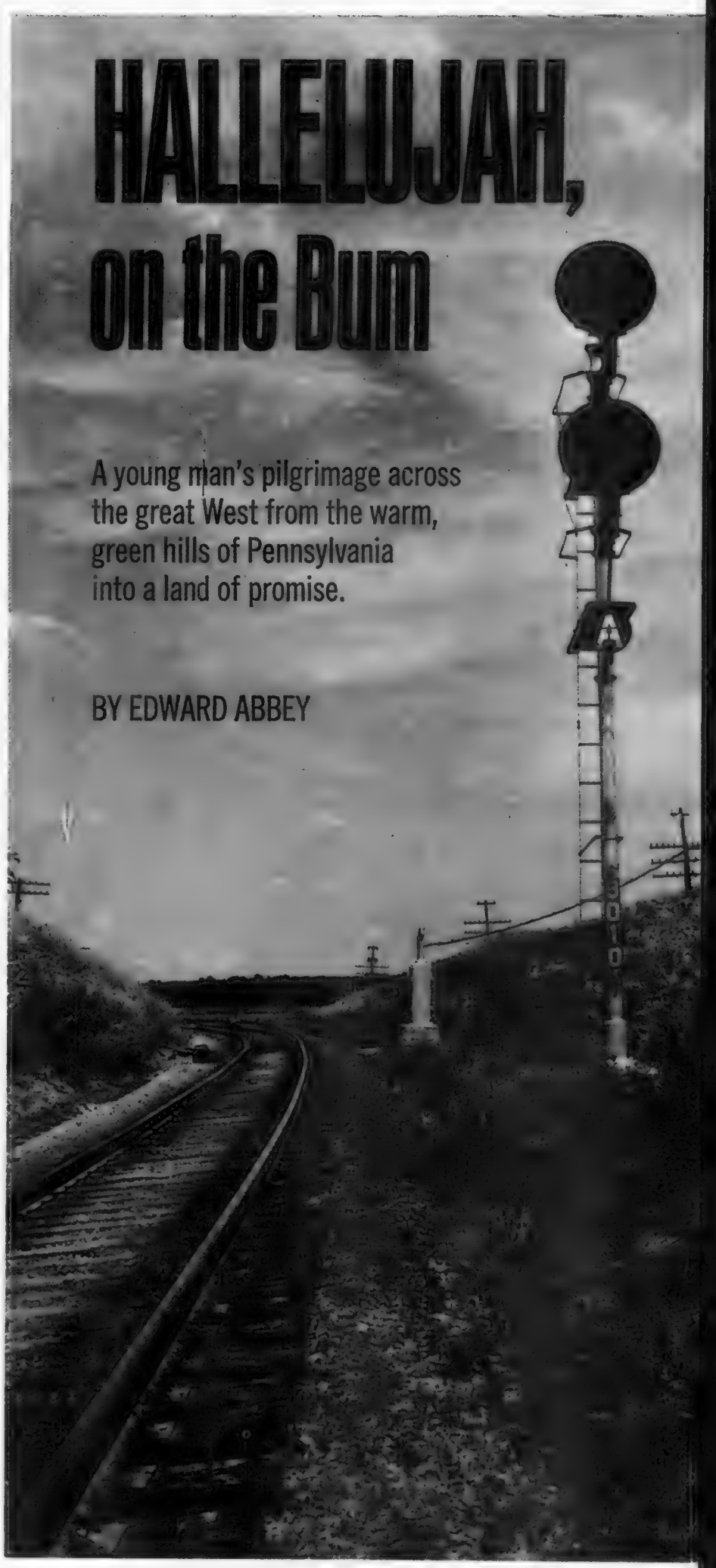
HALLELUJAH, on the Bum

A young man's pilgrimage across the great West from the warm, green hills of Pennsylvania into a land of promise.

BY EDWARD ABBEY



In the summer of 1944, the year before I fell in love, I hitchhiked from Pennsylvania to Seattle by way of Chicago and Yellowstone National Park; from Seattle down the coast to San Francisco; and from there by way of Needles via boxcar, thumb, and bus through the Southwest back home to the old farm, three months later. I started out with twenty dollars in my pocket and a piece of advice, cryptic I'd say, from my old man: "Don't let anybody take you for a punk." I didn't know what he meant. I was seventeen: wise, brown, ugly, shy, poetical; a bold, stupid, sun-dazzled kid, out to see the country before giving his life in the war against Japan. A kind of hero, by God. Terrified but willing.

Chicago. A good truckdriver took me through the core of the city, right through the Loop, and even in summer it seemed to me the bleakest, hardest, coldest town I'd ever seen; I've never been back. In Minnesota I was picked up by a kindly, middle-aged man who tried to seduce me; I didn't understand what he wanted, and resisted his timid advances. I was so innocent, so ignorant, I had never even heard of homosexuality. Maybe that is what saved me. Meantime I was scribbling, scribbling, keeping a log all the way, suffering already the first pangs of making literature.

South Dakota. Broke. I stacked wheat for a week under the summer sun, huge sheaves heavy with dew, and got sick drinking the hard artesian water. In a little town named Pierre I stopped in a drugstore near the capitol for a thin wartime vanilla milkshake. A group of giant plainsmen in gabardine suits and big hats sat near me drinking coffee, talking politics. One introduced himself to me, name of Knudsen, and said he was the governor of South Dakota. I believed him.

Through the Badlands. Another milkshake at Wall's. On to Wyoming, where near Greybull I saw for the first time something I had dreamed of seeing for ten years. There on the western horizon, under a hot, clear sky, sixty miles away, crowned with snow (in *July*), was a magical vision, a legend come true: the front range of the Rocky Mountains. An impossible beauty, like a boy's first sight of an undressed girl, the image of those mountains struck a fundamental chord in my imagination which has sounded ever since.

Among the forests, bears, paintpots, boiling pools, and gushing geysers of Yellowstone. Traffic was getting mighty scarce. Picked up and then left at a side road in the Idaho Panhandle. I walked all afternoon, all evening, all through the night, along the deserted highway, through a dark forest in the high country, and heard a cougar scream. I stopped once and slept for awhile in a deep, dry, grassy ditch until the cold drove me up and onward.

In the morning a rancher picked me up, took me along for another fifty miles. He offered me a job for the summer, said he'd teach me to be a cowboy. My God, but I was tempted; yet the westering urge was too strong in me. I thought I couldn't wait to see the Pacific Ocean, and declined his offer. A mistake.

Seattle was just another big city. All cities tend to look

pretty much alike from the hitchhiker's point of view. I didn't even see the ocean. Going south to Portland I got a ride with a long, lean fellow from Oklahoma who said his name was Fern. He was a hard, tough, rambling hombre and he looked like Gary Cooper; I liked him at once, especially when he stopped in the woods and let me fire his revolver at some whiskey bottles. He said he was a wounded veteran, not a draft dodger. He showed me his tattoos: on his left arm a mermaid, on his right the motto *Semper fidelis*.

He had no money; I bought the food, and was also privileged to stand guard at night while Fern, with his little "robber" hose, siphoned gas from cars parked on dark streets in small Oregon towns.

One evening I sat alone in the car for an hour, on a side street, while Fern went off with his gun to see a friend, he said. He came back in a hurry, breathing heavily, giggling, and we roared into the night, out of that town. Driving south, he pulled a bottle from a brown paper sack, opened it, drank, offered me a swig. My first taste of hard liquor. After another drink, grinning, he showed me a wad of greenbacks. I was scared but impressed. He said he was going to get him a big fat woman that night.

Next day we drove on into northern California, to Sacramento. We stopped at a gas station so that I could go to the toilet; when I came back outside, Fern and his car were gone. With him went my coat, my hat, my satchel containing my notebooks, and everything else I possessed except the shirt, pants, and shoes I was wearing. My wallet and some twenty dollars were also gone, since Fern had advised me to keep my money and papers locked in the glove compartment of the car.

I had ten cents in my pocket and a jackknife. I was hungry. The first thing I did was put to good use one of the few useful things Fern had taught me: how to make a meal from a cup of coffee. Entering a drugstore and taking a counter stool, I ordered one cup of coffee and pulled the cream pitcher and the sugar bowl close. As I slowly drank the coffee, I kept adding as much sugar and cream as the mug would hold, making a thick, sweet, repulsive sludge, highly nourishing, which I scooped up with the spoon. Fortified, I walked out. And I still had a nickel in my pocket.

The following day I was knocking pecans out of a tree for pay. There was a pecan tree and a tarp spread out on the ground beneath it and a wooden mallet in my hands. Every time I whacked the trunk a shower of pecans, leaves, dust, twigs, bugs, caterpillars, and birds' nests fell out of the tree and into my hair and down inside my shirt. After one afternoon of pecan-knocking, I took my pay and thumbed a ride to Stockton, where I'd been told they needed warm bodies for the peach canneries.

For two weeks I worked in the cannery, slopping around over the juicy floors, the squashed and quartered peaches. The air, hot and steamy, reeked with the sweet stink of rotten fruit. I carried crates of peaches off the loading dock and up to the women on the line, whose work was to skin and slice the peaches. Since they were paid by the crate, they preferred large peaches—less work, same money—and whenever I brought one of these ladies a crate of small peaches she would be outraged, would scream at me in language I shudder to remember, would sometimes fling a few hard green ones at me as I retreated fast, ducking down behind the stacks of empties. They were all sick, those women, sick with rage and insult, overwork and boredom, abandoned by their menfolk, penned up all day in that foul shed, hating most of all one another. They worked with sharp little knives; one day I saw a woman running down the aisle with her hands over her face, blood streaming between her fingers.

Taking my pay, I left them there, those poor women in their outrage and misery, and took off afoot for Yosemite Valley. I wanted to see the big trees, the high waterfalls, and the granite face of El Capitan. Made it too, by God, after a couple of days trudging through the golden hills, past the manzanita and Emory oaks, along the narrow asphalt road that led into John Muir's range of light. Back into the flat and sweltering Central Valley, south through Fresno—where I saw Saroyan's home—to Bakersfield, up over the Tehachapi Pass and into the desert. At once I felt as if I had left California behind, and I was mighty glad of it, too. A long, windy night on the back of a flatbed truck, under the new moon, brought me at dawn to the town of Needles and my first view of the Colorado River.

Needles in August must be one of the two or three hottest inhabited places on earth. A fearful, scalding heat that makes you scurry from shade to shade, like a rabbit dodging buckshot. Life in Needles is so hot and wretched in summertime that nobody there cares about anything except survival. And in winter they fasten onto the tourists with a grim, ferocious avarice, merciless and unfeeling as wolverines. But of all this I was happily unaware. With forty dollars in my shoe and hope in my heart, I stood all day on the eastern edge of town, thumb out, begging for a lift. Nobody stopped. Across the river waited a land which filled me with strange excitement: crags and pinnacles of naked rock, the dark cores of ancient volcanoes, a vast and silent emptiness smouldering with heat, color, and indecipherable significance, above which floated a small number of pure, clear, hard-edged clouds. For the first time I felt that I was getting close to the West of my deepest imaginings—the place where the tangible and the mystical become the same.

All day long I waited at the side of the highway, sheltering in the meager shade of a mesquite tree, cocking my thumb at the few cars and trucks which approached. They were very few; this was wartime and not many people had business in the backlands of Arizona. I would have walked, but even I had sense enough to perceive that the desert sun could make walking not merely unpleasant but hazardous—even suicidal. I did not have sense enough, however, to understand that most Southwesterners, in those years before the advent of air-

conditioning, stayed passive and shaded up during the summer days, and did their driving at night. And nobody in Needles—the Needleites—cared to take the enormous trouble of telling me about it. Nearby, across the broken glass, the weeds, the junkyard, the ditch, ran the tracks of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe (Holy Faith) Railroad. Now and then I could see a freight train forming up in the yards, brakemen hanging one-handed to the ladders, some old hog in bib overalls, blue-striped cap and necktie peering out of the engine cab. I waved; they waved back like all good railroaders.

At evening time, drinking my third quart of milk that day, still stranded in that awful Hell called Needles, I became aware of a black man standing in the brush between me and the tracks. He was watching me with care. There's something in my face which never fails to catch the eye of panhandlers. That hopeful look of the perennial sucker. I've never been missed by a bum yet. And so, when this white-haired old black man came close and mumbled a few words at my ear, I had to go into the cafe across the highway and buy a couple of hamburgers and another quart of milk and bring them back to him. He tried to explain why he didn't want to go into the cafe himself, but at the time I couldn't quite figure it out.

We had supper together under the mesquite tree at the edge of the quiet highway. Exchanged intelligence. His name I can no longer recollect but his destination was Chicago. Mine, Kellysburg, Pennsylvania. He offered to show me how to get there.

After sundown, in the lavender loveliness of the desert twilight, we crept through the junk and creosote bushes toward the railway and squatted down in a comfortable ditch within spitting distance of the steel rails. From the division yards to the west came the clash and shock of coupling iron, the screech of hot metal, the rumble of switch engines. We waited, smoking my companion's hand-rolled Bull Durham cigarettes.

We heard two sharp whistles—the highball signal. Presently the train came slowly through the gloom, three big diesels pulling a string of boxcars so long we couldn't see the caboose. Ponderously the cars rolled by, slowly picking up speed; I could see the wooden ties sinking under the wheels, rising between them. The splendid brands from all over the nation: Southern Pacific, Great Northern, New York Central, Denver & Rio Grande, Union Pacific, Baltimore & Ohio, Pennsy, Santa Fe, Wabash, Lackawanna, Eastern Seaboard ("Route of the Phoebe Snow") . . . The first empty appeared, doors open; we stood up, stepped into the cinders and gravel of the roadbed, began to trot along beside the train. As the empty came abreast of us, my new friend threw his bundle in, grabbed hold of the edge of the doorway, pulled himself up and half into the car, legs dangling above the sleepers. He scrambled in and turned to give me assistance as I ran along with the car, clutching at the edge of the sliding door with one hand and still holding my pack and bedroll with the other, reluctant to toss it inside because now I wasn't certain I could get aboard. The floor of the boxcar was chest high and the train was gaining speed fast. As I hesitated the old black grappled me at the wrist with both his big paws and hauled me halfway in; I danced along the ties on tiptoe at twenty miles per hour. "Come on, boy," he hollered, "pitch youah roll up an' get youah dumb what-ass in heah!" We made it.

We rattled half the night up and out of the valley of the Colorado, up into the highlands of western Arizona. We sat in the corner of the boxcar, forward out of the wind, on piles of moldy straw, jounced and jolted by the iron wheels, the hard boards, the shaking swaying car. Nevertheless I slept. Missed the moonlight on the mesas. Awoke as the train slowed down outside Kingman, pulling into the division. We decided to stay aboard, though it meant chancing capture by the yard bulls. The train stopped in the center of the yards, surrounded by floodlights, other trains, the cyclone fences. An express roared through in a blast of iron, whistle blaring away and off into the distance. We huddled in the darkest corner of our boxcar, waiting, and heard the brakemen pass by swinging their lanterns and talking. Nobody looked in. Our train backed off the siding, detached or attached a few more cars, lurched forward onto the mainline. Again we were rolling eastward but not fast, climbing in wide arcs toward the summit of the Colorado Plateau, into the yellowpine forests of the high country. Though it was still August the night became very cold; the old bum and I squeezed together for warmth.

At Flagstaff I got caught. Not by the railroad men but by the city cops. We'd jumped off the train as it was pulling into the yard and taken a detour around the station, intending to catch another freight on the east side of town. Half frozen, we also needed something hot to eat and drink. While my buddy skulked in the shadows, I walked toward the center of town to find a cafe that might still be open. It must've been after midnight. The cops picked me up. I still had forty dollars in my left shoe, but I wasn't going to tell *them* about it. They drove me to City Hall, booked me for vagrancy and threw me into the drunktank for the rest of the night.

Cold steel, cold cement, a rabble of coughing, drunken, sick bums sprawled on the floor, curled up in the corners. The smell of vomit and urine, the fumes of sweet wine, the peculiar stale and bitter odor of old, cruddy, sweatsoaked rags. There were no benches, no bunks, no tables—nothing but this tank of steel and concrete and in the center of the ceiling, protected by wire mesh, one yellow lightbulb shining.

Ah, one other thing, most weird and marvelous, like something out of a dream. Did I really see it? Perhaps it *was* a dream. As I write these words nearly a quarter of a century later I am no longer certain what was real, what was unreal.

There was a cage within the cage. Yes. And the bars of this inner cage were painted yellow. And inside the inner cage—alone—was one giant, gleaming, half-naked Negro, mad as the moon, who howled and bellowed and sang and jabbered all the night long.

In the morning the guards marched us all into a courtroom.

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The judge kept us waiting half an hour, to teach us respect for the law, then came stomping in, black gown and all. The guards made us stand up. The judge sat down. We sat down. Justice moved swiftly. The drunks all pleaded guilty—most of them Indians—and received their sentences on the spot. When my turn came I pleaded not guilty, creating a small sensation behind the bench. The judge and the clerk held a consultation, then the judge informed me that my trial was scheduled for December 10th, about three and a half months hence, and that I would be confined in the city jail until that time unless I was prepared to post bond in the amount of fifty dollars. I said I didn't have fifty dollars. He asked me how much I had. After a moment's hesitation I said a dollar and forty cents, which was the amount the police had confiscated, along with my pocketknife, pack and bedroll, when they locked me up. The judge asked me if I was a draft dodger. I said no. He asked to see my draft card. I told him I was only seventeen and therefore not registered. He reduced the bail to one dollar and told me to get the hell out of Flagstaff and never come back.

The cops gave me back my possessions, including the balance of my apparent funds, the forty cents. One of them took me into a restaurant and bought me a good lunch in return for my story, then drove me to the eastern edge of town and dropped me by the highway. He warned me to stay off the trains because some of them carried war material, military equipment, and armed guards who were dying for an opportunity to shoot a potential saboteur. This seemed like good advice; during the day before, at Needles, I had noticed the tanks, trucks, and artillery pieces chained to the flatbeds, although I had not seen any guards on the trains. I spent the remainder of the day hitchhiking but got exactly nowhere. After sundown and supper I slunk into the forest, spread out my sleepingbag under the pines, and shivered through a second bitter night. Early in the morning I caught an eastbound freight, alone this time, pulling myself up into another empty boxcar just as the train was beginning to roll out of the yards.

A magnificent day, warm, clear, brilliant with sunshine. All through the morning we rumbled, rattled and roared across the great plateau of northern Arizona, stopping now and then to let more important trains pass, but making good time all the same. Through the wide open door of my sidedoor Pullman I saw for the first time in my life the high grasslands of the Navajos, the fringes of the Painted Desert, the faraway buttes and mesas of the Hopi country. Sometimes I would catch a glimpse of a hogan under a scarp of sandstone, a team and wagon hitched up by the door, a couple of Indians sprawled in the shade of a juniper tree. It all looked good to me. And then we came to New Mexico and that looked even better.

Brightest New Mexico. The sharp, red cliffs of Gallup. Mesas and mountains in the distance. Lava beds baking under the sun. Old volcanoes. Indian villages, cornfields, antique adobe churches, children splashing in a stream, an enchanted mesa. And over all a golden light, a golden stillness, a sweet but awesome loneliness—one old, white horse browsing on a slope miles away from any sign of man; no fences; one solitary windmill standing by a grove of junipers, radiating cowpaths toward the horizon; a single cottonwood tree, green as life, in the hot sand of a dry riverbed.

Proud of my freedom and bumhood I stood in the doorway of the boxcar, rocking with the motion of the train, ears full of the rushing wind and the clattering wheels, and stared and stared and stared, like a starving man, at the burnt, barren, bold, bright landscape passing before my eyes. Telegraph poles flashed by close to the tracks, the shining wires dipped and rose, dipped and rose; but beyond the line and the road and the nearby ridges the queer foreign shapes of mesa and butte seemed barely to move at all; they revolved slowly at an immense distance, strange right-angled promontories of rose-colored rock that remained in view, from my slowly altering perspective, for an hour, for two hours, at a time. And all of it there, simply *there,* neither hostile nor friendly, but full of a powerful, mysterious promise. . . .

AFTER THREE MONTHS of wandering I was homesick, longed to get back to the warm, green hills of Pennsylvania, the little wooden baseball towns, the sulfurous creeks and covered bridges, the smoky evenings rich with fireflies, the winding red-dog road that led toward home, the creaking old farmhouse, my mother, my father, my brothers, my sister, and—yes, I must say it—the dogs and the pigs whom I also loved. I was sick for home.

In the evening we came to a town of some thirty-five thousand souls which lay in a shallow valley in the desert between volcanoes on the west and—on the east—a mountain range pink as the heart of a watermelon.

Albuquerque. Through the middle of this small dusty city ran a wide but shallow river the color of mud; it *was* mud, liquid mud, shining like polished brass under the cloud-reflected amber light of sunset.

The train slowed, I jumped off and rolled over and over in the cinders, tumbleweeds, and broken wine bottles of the ditch. Dragging my gear I crawled to my feet and limped along the street toward the heart of town. Great golden spokes of light streamed across the sky. Blue herons croaked in the willows by the water. Three rough-looking toughs in blue jeans and straw cowboy hats followed me up the road, laughing, joking in Spanish. *Chinga tu madre, cabron.* Sons of Pancho Villa and Geronimo.

Safe in the Greyhound Bus Depot, I took off my shoe and bought a one-way ticket straight through to Pennsylvania.

Edward Abbey, *who now has returned to the Southwest landscape that he discovered in his youth, is the author of three novels,* Jonathan Troy, Fire on the Mountain, *and* The Brave Cowboy *(translated to the screen in the highly-praised* Lonely Are the Brave), *as well as* Desert Solitaire: A Season in the Wilderness *(1968), a scathing review of man's misuse of the land.*

FIRE in the HOLE!

Evolution and Revolution
on the Western Mining Frontier

BY OTIS E YOUNG, JR.

THE AMERICAN MINING FRONTIER was worked by a rough-and-ready brood of men who lived in wild-and-woolly boomtowns surrounded by a hostile wilderness: sometimes vast mountain reaches, sometimes deserts swept by howling winds, sometimes exposed plains in hostile Indian country. It was an environment that offered few luxuries, where the essential items for survival and livelihood had to be freighted across great distances to the mining camps at prohibitive ton-mile rates.

Wealth was there, in the land, but these multitudes of difficulties led to an inflated man-hour cost of extracting nature's bounty—even the bonanza strikes in Montana, Nevada, Colorado, and California were economic question marks. It was the good fortune of the mineral frontier that just seventeen years before James Marshall's discovery of gold in 1848, mining techniques had emerged from the Stone Age, leading to a technological revolution of enormous consequences.

Prior to this time, the most practical means of eliciting minerals from the earth had been by use of the "cold mining" process—breaking out of solid rock with muscle aided by simple hand tools. A man's worth was measured by the size of his biceps, and more often than not slaves provided the only economical solution to the mine operator's problem. The typical mining operation included a maximum of brute physical force and a minimum of skilled supervision. But on America's isolated frontier, the logistics of feeding and housing such hordes of men—even at a zero increment for wages —would have been a financial fiasco. Without improved technology, the rich ores of the West would have remained unattainable fortunes at the end of a Cibolean rainbow.

Cold mining was accomplished by bashing a "cut hole" in the center of the rock face with some crude type of armored battering ram, then chipping the remainder radially down into the initial hole. The process was slow, tedious, and inefficient —a short step removed from antiquity. Mining or tunneling could occur only when military security or tremendous profits were involved, and then only in a highly organized state with unlimited forced labor at its disposal.

The development of gunpowder—with its highly compressed chemical energy—between 1300 and 1500 A.D. and its application to the mining industry was foreseen as a solution. Here was man's first high-energy power package, operating virtually independent of the environment and available at a relatively low cost. Between 1500 and 1700, miners of south-central Europe learned to adapt this military device to ore excavation in all respects save one: controlling the time of detonation. Their technique involved drilling a small hole (the width of two fingers) as deeply as possible into the face of the heading. Most of this hole was subsequently packed tightly with gunpowder and "stemmed" or plugged, usually with clay. Upon firing, the stemming would act as an expanding stopper to prevent the shot from "blowing away" (out of the hole) confining the force of the explosion inwardly to pull the maximum amount of rock.

It was, unfortunately, this lack of a safe and reliable means of ignition that retarded the development of gunpowder blasting. The military method of "slow-match" ignition—use of a loosely-spun cord of tow impregnated with saltpeter whose sole function was to keep alive a coal of fire—proved inapplicable for blasting, there being no relationship between the burning time and the length of the fuse.

Likewise, "quickmatch" (used for the ignition of military demolitions), being nothing more than a loose train of gunpowder enclosed in a paper tube, literally burned like a flash. Both methods were far too dangerous for mining operations, with its many vicissitudes. These variables could result in damage to the train of powder or tow so as to produce an annoying misfire or the more dreaded "hangfire" (an unpredictably delayed explosion). It was not mere coincidence that the patroness of miners was St. Barbara, who took under her protective wing all men exposed in their everyday pursuit to the risk of ultra-quick demise.

The determined Saxon miners of the Harz Mountains were constantly putting their lives on the line through a variety of experiments to find a better way to detonate explosions. They evolved "plug shooting," using a grooved wooden cone which carried the ignition train and at the same time served to stem the charge. This worked poorly since the groove length was both too short for safe delay and incapable of any adjustment. Somewhat more satisfactory was a tube of copper, wood or reed, filled with priming compound, bound about with string and inserted in the charge. The stemming was then pushed and poked in the hole about it. But this was precarious. If not accomplished with the greatest care, the

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Mexican barreteros *in the 1830s chiseled into the ore-bearing rock with muscle and a twenty-pound iron bar.*

tube might become distorted, admit moisture or be pulled away from the cartridge. For these obvious reasons, blasting remained until the 1830s an extraordinary device in western Europe, or in the Spanish mines of the New World, where it was conducted enthusiastically but ineffectively.

Thus, cold mining remained the order of the day, with a wide assortment of hand tools the only mechanical aids. And each mining canon had its own preferences. Georgius Agricola's *De Re Metallica,* which describes the free and highly educated Harz miners, is virtually a hardware wholesaler's catalog of different mining tools for every purpose. At the opposite extreme, the abysmally ignorant Indian miner of the Americas was furnished only with a *barreta* (a large, iron bar), pointed at one end and flattened at the other, weighing upwards of twenty pounds. It could serve as a pick, gad, or lever, and accounts for the name *barretero,* being applied to these laborers. Other workers preferred a variety of pick-like tools mounted transversely upon wooden handles; the standard miner's tool was the "poll pick," whose blunt striking face was opposed to a pointed tip. This instrument was of such antiquity that a perfectly good specimen can be seen in an early Christian catacomb painting.

In 1831, blasting became a practical reality in mining operations when William Bickford of Tuckingmill, Cornwall, invented the effective, dependable miner's fuse. It was manufactured by twisting six strands of jute about a core of compressed gunpowder, wrapping the whole with strong twine, and wrapping again with one or two layers of waterproof tape. Machinery capable of manufacturing this fuse by the mile, at a very reasonable cost, was readily available. The product was flexible in nature and reliable. Even when it failed, the fuse tended to "fail safe" rather than to induce the dreaded premature blasts. It could be readily cut to the exact length required, this length being proportional to burning-time. Finally, it could stand up well to the mistreatment normal in rough-and-ready mining. The Bickford fuse raised the science of mining and tunneling to an entirely different plane, at least equal in significance to the steam-powered mine pump, one of the critical inventions of the Industrial Revolution.

Barely had the tin and copper miners of Bickford's Cornwall learned how to take full advantage of his invention when the Cornish mines went into permanent borrasca. Cornishmen by the thousands were thrown out of the work which their ancestors had pursued for centuries. Fortunately, the American mineral frontier was just then coming into being, producing an insatiable demand for skilled miners. Over the following generation, the Cornish swarmed to the coal fields of Pennsylvania, the lead mines of the Ozarkian ranges, the copper mines of Lake Superior, and to thousands of silver and gold camps of the far West. With trouser legs tied just below the knees with Bickford fuse and lunch buckets loaded with tea and the Cornish pasty, they fell to work with a will.

At roughly the same moment in time, another natural accident as unpredictable as mineral borrasca struck savagely just across the Irish sea from Cornwall. This was the Potato Blight, a plant virus of Gothic ferocity which threatened to wipe out the sole foodstuff upon which the swelling population of Ireland depended. Rather than support their tenants, the Irish landowners persuaded or coerced them to emigrate to Canada and the United States at the landowners' expense. In the United States, the Irish entered the labor market as cheap but highly adaptable unskilled workers. In the worst year of the Potato Blight, James Marshall discovered gold in the American River of California. Labor supply and demand instantly coincided to produce a fabulous boom in the West.

Within a decade, mining on the frontier became so standardized that it was possible to generalize about the day's work in the average mine of Colorado or Nevada, Utah or California. The cycle began with the new shift crew's arrival in the working chamber of the drift. The Irish muckers at once began "fanning" the ore and waste left by the blasting of the preceding shift, employing "round point" shovels to

deposit each man's quota of sixteen tons in the ore cars or their "Irish buggies," (i.e., wheelbarrows, which the Cornishmen described as dispensations of Providence, inasmuch as they made it possible for Irishmen to walk upright instead of on all fours). Meantime, the shift "captain" marked the point for the new drill holes in the face of the lode, either by means of a few blows of his geologist's hammer, or in later days by a round spot of soot deposited by the flame of his carbide lamp. Drilling began forthwith for the next round of shots.

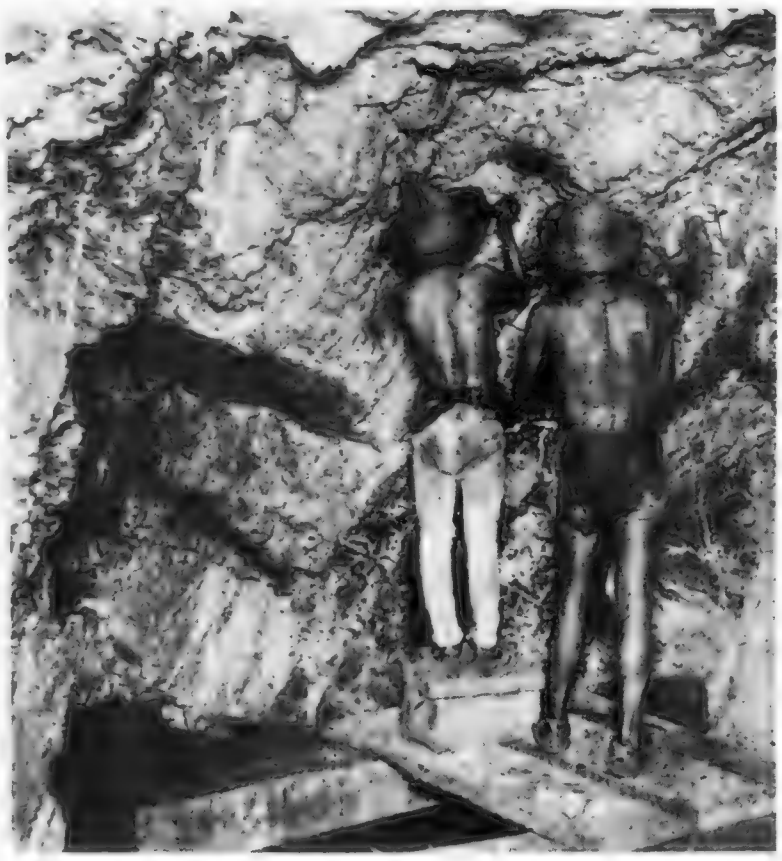
Before the advent of machine drilling about 1875, drilling was accomplished by hand sledging of simple steels. These sledges were eight-pound "double jacks" if worked two-handed; four-pound "single jacks" if plied by the right hand alone. A lone miner single-jacked, holding and turning the steel with his left hand, while smiting with his right. To alleviate fatigue and muscle cramp, the jack was secured to his wrist by a looped thong, enabling the hand to be opened and relaxed on the backswing. Two or more men constituted a double-jack team, one turning (or "shaking") the steel, while the others pounded away in disciplined succession of no less than fifty blows per minute. The steels themselves were merely round or octagonal rods with a plain, slightly flaring chisel-bit tip. They came in sets, the tip flare progressively narrower as their length increased; the "bull steel" or "starter" was about a foot long, but its bit ran nearly 1 1/4″ from corner to corner, while each subsequent "change" grew in length by six inches, and its bit decreased by 1/32″ so that it would "follow" in the hole and not get wedged or "fitchered." A yard length with a 3/4″ bit was the maximum. The miners carried whole bundles of starters and changes into the shaft to allow frequent replacement as the bits dulled—usually at the rate of one steel per six inches of hole drilled. At the end of the shift, the bundle was carried up to the mine blacksmith for resharpening and retempering.

The first step in preparing for a blast was drilling the cut hole by placing three converging holes, 24″ to 36″ deep, aligned to meet at the apex of a pyramid in the center of the lode face. When shot, the holes usually primed each other by mutual concussion, producing a conical reliever cavity, no different in principle from that bashed by an Egyptian with a dolerite-headed ram. Into this cut hole the rest of the face was "squeezed down" by the peripheral reliever, edger, and lifter shots which came along presently. If ventilation was good, the Cornish "Cousin Jack" could shoot his cut hole just before lunch time on the shift so that the smoke and dust would clear while he was consuming his tea and pasty.

In the course of the drilling it was necessary not only to change steels frequently, but also to clean out the rock dust which soon filled the bottom of "flat" (horizontal) or "down" holes. Miners often cleaned the hole by using a copper "miner's spoon" or a frayed wooden rod with a moistened end to which the rock dust would cling. The best method, however, was to pour a small amount of water into the hole to make a putty-like mud of the dust and cuttings. The mud would

Single-jacking and double-jacking (shown here) pre-dated machine drilling and required precision sledging and a large helping of courage.

Before the development of slow-burning fuses, fire-setting "in the hole" was performed by men with fatalistic tendencies. In this contemporary sketch of the late seventeenth century, German miners are chipping rock from the walls and mucking out the ore (foreground). At left is a burning pyre in a drift.



The typical mining operation of the mid-1800s required a maximum of brute physical force and a minimum of finesse. Without the improved technology that coincidentally followed Marshall's gold discovery, the rich ores of the West may have remained as unrewarding as the Spanish dreams of Cibola.

adhere to the steel, which could then be withdrawn and cleaned by rapping it against a nearby rock.

Toward the end of the shift, the miners would tally and shoot the face as the traditional final duty. Prior to the Civil War, saltpeter-based black powder was employed; after the war, the miner preferred the less expensive "soda powder" developed by DuPont. Powder was shipped in kegs (which, when empty, became the miner's table and chair) but loaded in above-ground magazines into paper cartridges which were brought down to the drift by the "tool nipper" upon demand. The blaster slit the cartridges, eased them into the hole, and rammed them down firmly with a wooden rod. At this stage, copper or wooden tools were usually employed since iron-induced sparking was justly considered undesirable. After loading the hold, it was carefully stemmed with mud or drill cuttings: too much stemming would reduce space available for the powder, hence diminish the amount of rock the shot would pull, plus leaving the new face uneven and "gun-pocked." On the other hand, too little stemming would permit the shot to "blow away" out the hold, drastically reducing the effectiveness of the blast.

The first cartridge in each shot was firmly attached to the Bickford fuse, carefully measured off its spool and cut, leaving a "rat-tail" of precise length hanging down the face from the collar of the hole. A good round was one which pulled the maximum amount of rock; this was best done by ensuring that all shots of the same nature went off in the correct order and as nearly simultaneously as possible. The cut-hole certainly had to go first, next, the surrounding relievers, then the peripheral edgers. The function of the lifters was to project the broken ore neatly forward into the drift where it could be more easily worked by the muckers. With length adjusted to the blaster's satisfaction, each rat-tail was then split open an inch with a sharp knife, exposing the powder core for easier ignition.

All being in order, the blaster cried the traditional "Fire in the hole!" and began to move with all deliberate speed, "spitter" in hand, from rat-tail to rat-tail. This "spitter" was an ignited length of fuse, cut shorter than the shortest rat-tail on the face and notched down to the powder core, one notch for every rat-tail to be fired. Its use had two distinct advantages: 1) the ignition "spit" from the rat-tail would not blow it out, and 2) when the fingers grew uncomfortably warm, the spitter would automatically be thrown down. Some mining companies came to supply a firework of the "sparkler" variety for this purpose—it had a limited burning time, and could be carried by hooking its bent wire end in a button-hole. But miners of the old stock always preferred the spitter. Assuming that all went well, the blaster cast a final glance at the face to assure himself that every rat-tail was smoking and sparking satisfactorily. Then he was free to depart at a measured pace, for it would never do to stumble while running, with the risk of knocking himself unconscious while within range of the hurtling fragments of rock.

Double-jacking drilling contests were a popular divertissement in the frontier mining towns of the West. With the coming of the twentieth century and air-powered drills, single-jacking and double-jacking quickly faded from the scene.

The blaster—now at a safe distance—counted the number of reports and made a note of all missed holes for the benefit of the following shift. When a hole did miss, it was easy to identify on reentering the working chamber, as a hump would be left on the face where a hole had been drilled but had not carried its share of the work. When air-drills and dynamite came in after 1875, missed holes might lead to trouble: the machine-man might drill through loose muck which masked the tattle-tale hump, and ram into a missed lifter charge. This was a serious thing, but the very muck which hid the missed hole would have a cushioning effect to lessen the force of the blast, and in addition the machine would be between him and the blast to increase the odds of survival—somewhat.

The highly-skilled Cornishmen had a strong sense of professional solidarity, demonstrated on the one hand by their willingness to teach their art to promising applicants, and on the other hand by their condescending attitude toward the Irish. In the Pennsylvania coal fields, this friction was deliberately promoted by management for its own purposes until it exploded in the notorious "Mollie Maguire" troubles of the 1870s, during which Welsh and Cornish foremen were made the objects of systematic assassination by a few Irish intransigeants. In the far West, matters seldom went that far, although each group admittedly detested the other's folkways. The one subject on which both were completely agreed, however, was the undesirability of Chinese cheap labor in the mines. The mere possibility of coolie mine crews provoked joint demonstrations which even the most ruthless entrepreneurs dared not ignore.

Pride in artisanship went hand-in-hand with professional athletics in the far West: like John Henry, the Cornish miners boasted of their ability to drive steel. For this reason, drilling contests became organized public festivities on the mineral frontier, with each district sending its champions to the national eliminations where they competed for substantial purses. The events were single-jacking by individuals, and double-jacking by two-man teams, drilling a stone block of pre-Cambrian Gunnison granite from Colorado. Much more than brute strength was involved in the contest, double-jack teams practicing for months to perfect changing steels and positions "without losing a lick" in their contest pace of over sixty strokes a minute. The all-time world's record was set in all events in Bisbee, Arizona, on July 4, 1903. Sell Tarr, the "King of Drillers," drilled 28 5/8 inches in the "straightaway" (no change of positions) double-jacking event; Fred Yockey of Colorado drilled 26 inches in the single-jack contest; and the team of Chamberlain and Maka put down an astounding 46 3/4 inches in the culminating double-jacking event. It is well to note that Chamberlain and Maka's accomplishment was far better than a Leyner air drill operating under normal conditions.

Man has made giant strides in his quest for the underground wealth of America. From the unreliable—and often deadly—use of gunpowder in the early stages of mining to the highly sophisticated methods of today, he has constantly sought new ways to improve techniques of underground explosion. The Plowshare program, sponsored by the federal government, is now exploring the possibilities of releasing the mineral riches of the earth through nuclear fission. This peaceful use of nuclear power is just beginning to evolve; its potential is enormous.

Thus, physicists and a new breed of well-equipped, highly trained technicians in the field are writing another chapter, one with its own kind of excitement, in the continuing saga of mining. But the saga of the miner himself must have reached its climax in those steel-driving Cornishmen who blasted a glorious bonanza out of the bowels of the West between cups of tea.

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Photo courtesy of Fern R. Sayre

The Black Knight of the Zayante

BY RICHARD H. DILLON

TEXAS SENT CALIFORNIA a mixed bag of forty-niners and more belated argonauts. Some were good men, some were bad. Among the former were John Coffee Hays (Colonel Jack Hays of Texas Ranger legend) and Benjamin Butler Harris, the most instructive and entertaining diarist who ever ate dust on the Gila Trail. On the negative side was a hardcase named Harry Love. Mean as hell, the absurdly-named Love became so notorious in the Far West that he was flamboyantly dubbed "The Black Knight of the Zayante." (The Zayante is a district near Santa Cruz.)

In 1853 so many complaints reached the capitol concerning the raids of a Mexican outlaw that Governor John Bigler posted a one thousand dollar reward for the *bandido*, to whom Bigler gave the surname of Carrillo. Most Californians called him Joaquín Murieta. Some thought his name was Valenzuela. Assemblyman P. T. Herbert of Mariposa then joined in by submitting a bill to create a force of Rangers along the lines of the Lone Star State's; Bigler signed the bill into law on May 17, 1853.

Captain Harry Love, who bragged of a career in Texas as a scout, Indian fighter, Mexican War veteran, El Paso express rider, Ranger, and peace officer, was a natural choice and was selected by Bigler to head the twenty-man paramilitary force whose charge was, simply, to exterminate the bandit Joaquín. Since the pay was good, one hundred and fifty dollars a month per man, Love had no difficulty in securing recruits and soon had as vicious a band of cutthroats as ever heeded Zeno's suggestion that "knavery is the best defence against a knave." Among them were Assemblyman Herbert, who had once killed a Washington, D.C., waiter; Billy Henderson, who would soon cut off a dead man's head at Love's behest; Judge W. H. Harvey, who killed Jim Savage, the White King of the Tulare Indians; Patrick E. Connor, a Civil War general; James Norton, alias "The Terrible Sailor"; and William J. Henderson, who had once hanged a man—single-handed. At least six of the terrible twenty would eventually die with their boots on.

Although Love was not interested in taking prisoners, he did not apply the *ley de fuga* to a cattle thief named Jesus, whom the expedition captured. The prisoner claimed to be the brother-in-law of Joaquín and, wrote Love to the Governor on July 12, 1853, "He says he will take and show us Joaquín, if we release him. I will try him a while, to see what it will end in."

It ended in Love's surprising a camp of Mexican-Californians on the lee side of the Coast Range near Cantua Creek on July 25. Four of them were killed without loss to the *Tejano*'s posse, and one of them Love positively identified as Joaquín. He had Henderson cut off the man's head as evidence, and Billy threw in, for good measure, the hand of Three Fingered Jack García, the lieutenant of the supposed Joaquín Murieta. Love pickled the grisly specimens in liquor at Fort Miller, and they were exhibited to the public for years in San Francisco until destroyed by the earthquake and fire of 1906.

Love now tried to extend the term of service of his Rangers, which was running out, by claiming that California was overrun with bandits. Some papers insisted the head was not Joaquín's and that the whole pursuit and battle had been a humbug. But Love collected the reward and, although his plea for an extension of the enlistment was turned down, had an additional reward of five thousands dollars pressed upon him by his cronies in the legislature.

Joaquín's nemesis settled down to enjoy his considerable fame and fortune, marrying a widow, Mary Bennett, of Santa Clara. About 1856, Harry had the photographic portrait seen here made by the E. P. Butler Studio of Santa Cruz, the brass butt of his Colt peeping from under his coat in the deadly cross-draw position. During the next decade, the hot-tempered ex-Texan distinguished himself largely as a wife-beater, and on June 28, 1868, he was killed in a shoot-out on Santa Clara's Grant Street by his estranged wife's foreman *cum* bodyguard, Christian Fred Iverson, whom he had dismissed as a "damned Dutchman."

Richard H. Dillon, *a native Californian, is head of the Sutro Library in San Francisco. His books include:* Embarcadero; The Gila Trail; Shanghaiing Days; California Trail Herd; The Hatchet Men; Meriwether Lewis; The Legend of Grizzly Adams; Wells Fargo Detective; Fool's Gold; *and* Humbugs and Heroes.

ON THE RAISING LITTLE FUN

EDITOR'S NOTE. *Historians may wish to bury their heads in the sand as they peruse such a light-hearted tale, but we feel this slight bit of Americana provides a touch of frivolity to offset the usual sound and fury.*

DURING THE WINTER OF 1882, Billie Frantz, a successful chicken farmer near Anaheim, California, received a strange visitor who insisted on seeing him privately.

"I'm proposing to you the most profitable poultry venture in the world," he said. "Raising ostriches for their plumes."

Frantz was unimpressed. "I'm doing fine with my chickens and sheep," he said.

"To raise one ostrich," explained the stranger, "costs no more than raising a sheep. A sheep makes two dollars worth of wool a year, an ostrich five hundred dollars worth of feathers."

"Why do you come to *me* with this proposition?" Frantz asked.

"Because you are a successful chicken farmer and you have imagination. You also have the ideal setup—incubators, space, isolation. Your farm is perfect for ostriches—sand, sun, and just about as far north of the equator as the best ostrich ranches in Africa are south."

"And how would I get these birds?"

"They are on their way," the stranger said. "My friend, the eminent African ostrich raiser, Dr. Charles Sketchly, is bringing a flock of the best breed. He left Cape Town with two hundred, but the trip was rough and only twenty-two survived. They are now en route from New York to San Francisco."

During subsequent investigation Frantz discovered that ostrich feathers were part of English court dress; and ladies all over the world were willing to pay ten or fifteen dollars apiece for them. South Africa was the only place on earth where ostriches were raised for their feathers; half the crop went to American ladies and brought the grower five million dollars a year. A full-grown bird yielded four hundred feathers weighing a total of one and one-half pounds, which brought up to five hundred dollars a pound. The birds had modest needs, thriving on a diet of grass, grain, weeds, broken bones, and gravel; each hen could be expected to lay fifty or sixty eggs annually, and they outlived chickens by some one hundred years.

Frantz went to see Dr. Sketchly in San Francisco, where the South African was exhibiting his flock in Woodward's Gardens until he could find a suitable ranch. With hundreds of other visitors Frantz watched this newest potential poultry venture: birds nine feet tall balancing tiny bald flat heads on the end of long, plush-covered necks attached to bodies of beautiful white, black, or drab feathers supported by tremendous bare legs atop sharp-clawed toes. From behind the protection of high fences, visitors watched the birds stalk toward them with jerky, spasmodic movements as if bowing in welcome or, occasionally, break into a comical waltzlike trot. Often, without apparent reason, they angrily challenged onlookers by inflating their necks in cobralike fashion, then letting out the air in violent bellows.

After some quick figuring, Frantz determined to start what soon became known as "the craziest chicken ranch in California." He raised thirty thousand dollars, founded the California Ostrich Company, and remodeled his place in Anaheim to accommodate poultry weighing three hundred pounds apiece.

Dr. Sketchly came along as advisor. Fencing was important, he pointed out. With a single kick an ostrich could break most ordinary fence posts and escape. Since the big birds could easily outrun a horse, catching them was a problem. Barbed-wire fences were not advisable since ostriches were extremely

OF OSTRICHES FOR AND LESS PROFIT

A Southern California Adventure in Esoteric Husbandry

BY JOSEPH FABRY AND MAX KNIGHT

stupid and frequently cut their throats on barbs. Frantz decided on a nine-foot-high fence made of inch-thick, twelve-inch-wide redwood boards and hoped for the best.

Next, Sketchly advised him to sell all his fine fox hounds. Dogs made ostriches nervous, and they might panic and kick each other to death. Nothing must be done to excite the birds, for their legs were as brittle as porcelain, and once they broke a leg they had to be killed. While ostriches could reach an age of more than one hundred years, few did because they killed themselves long before by their own stupidity.

This was only a taste of the troubles to come.

When the twenty-two ostriches arrived, they were nervous. They had traveled twenty-three thousand miles from South Africa, via Buenos Aires and New York, and their exhibition in San Francisco had only worsened their tempers. Visitors came by the hundreds, trampled crops around the enclosure, pulled down fences, and plagued the birds, which either fled in fright or ferociously attacked. As Frantz soon found out, the birds' taste was far more extravagant than claimed. During the first week they snatched and swallowed six earrings, a dozen pins, and several hatpins (sometimes with hats attached) from terrified tourists. Even a lighted pipe and a rolled-up newspaper proved edible. One fascinated gentleman watched his watch and chain slide like an oyster down a bird's long neck.

Ostriches like things that glitter, Dr. Sketchly explained. And they eat jewelry "as a sort of tonic." They use it in their gizzards, with broken bones and gravel, to grind up food. One bird snatched a diamond pin from a gentleman's tie. Frantz and Sketchly held a brief court-martial. The diamond was worth six hundred dollars; the ostrich one thousand dollars. The bird was acquitted. Frantz paid up, and the ostrich was allowed to use the diamond as an elegant millstone.

When visitors kept coming, Frantz charged fifty cents for a look through the fence. In spite of large signs that dogs would be shot at sight, people kept bringing them. In desperation, Frantz posted guards around his grounds, and tourists were shocked to learn that the signs meant what they said. After a dozen dogs were shot and trespassers prosecuted in court, the visitors' enthusiasm waned. Just to be sure, Frantz raised the visitor's fee to twenty-five dollars. Then things became quiet, and the ostriches settled down to their business of breeding.

Ten pairs were separated in paddocks, and the two extra hens held in reserve. The couples began to dig nests in the sandy ground. Working with their sharp claws and bills, each set of honeymooners made a hole about three feet long and one foot deep. The first eggs were laid soon afterward.

This called for celebration. Stockholders and their closest friends—ten in all—were invited to a party. Tiptoeing quietly through the maternity poultry ranch they tried to spy eggs in the nest holes. But the hens were sitting and the cocks were standing guard, erect and serious. When one visitor ventured too close, the cock crouched on the ground, extended his wings outward and forward and drove back the trespasser with a lion-like roar and a swaying motion of his body.

Frantz took his ten guests to the ranch house for lunch. One egg would feed everybody.

Armed with a thistle, Dr. Sketchly bravely approached a nest. The feathered sentinel challenged him but the South African coldly thrust the thistle in his face.

"This forces the ostrich to close his eyes," Frantz explained to his guests, "and as soon as he sees nothing he imagines the threat is gone. That is perhaps the source of the fairy tale about his hiding his head in the sand."

Sketchly returned with an egg, six inches long, creamy white, and pitted all over. It weighed four pounds, and contained as much yolk as twenty-eight chicken eggs. Its shell was used in Africa to carry water, he observed.

While waiting for the egg to hard-boil (which, on Sketchly's advice, took an hour and a half), the group inspected the incubator Frantz had rebuilt from his chicken farm. An ostrich hen, the guests learned, lays one egg every two days until her pit is filled—about fifteen in all. But if you take the eggs away from her, she will keep on laying up to thirty. Frantz intended to experiment with both hen-hatched and incubated eggs. After this information, the guests feasted on their egg, which looked and tasted just like duck egg.

The first California ostrich egg crop was disappointingly small. All twelve hens produced less than fifty eggs. The excitement of immigration to a new country apparently had taken its toll. The hens and cocks took turns sitting and stand-

Dogs made ostriches nervous enough to panic and kick each other to death, since the big birds couldn't reach anything below the height of three feet. When tourists kept bringing their dogs with them—despite posted warnings that the pets would be shot on sight—Frantz hired armed guards who did just that. Here, a spotted intruder flirts with danger.

How do you pluck an ostrich? Very carefully. And only after you put a hood over his head. How do you hood an ostrich? Read the story.

ing guard, the hen putting in sixteen hours sitting and eight in guarding, and the cock doing the baby-sitting at night. While the birds were successful in keeping away imaginary enemies, the parents themselves succeeded in trampling and breaking some twenty eggs.

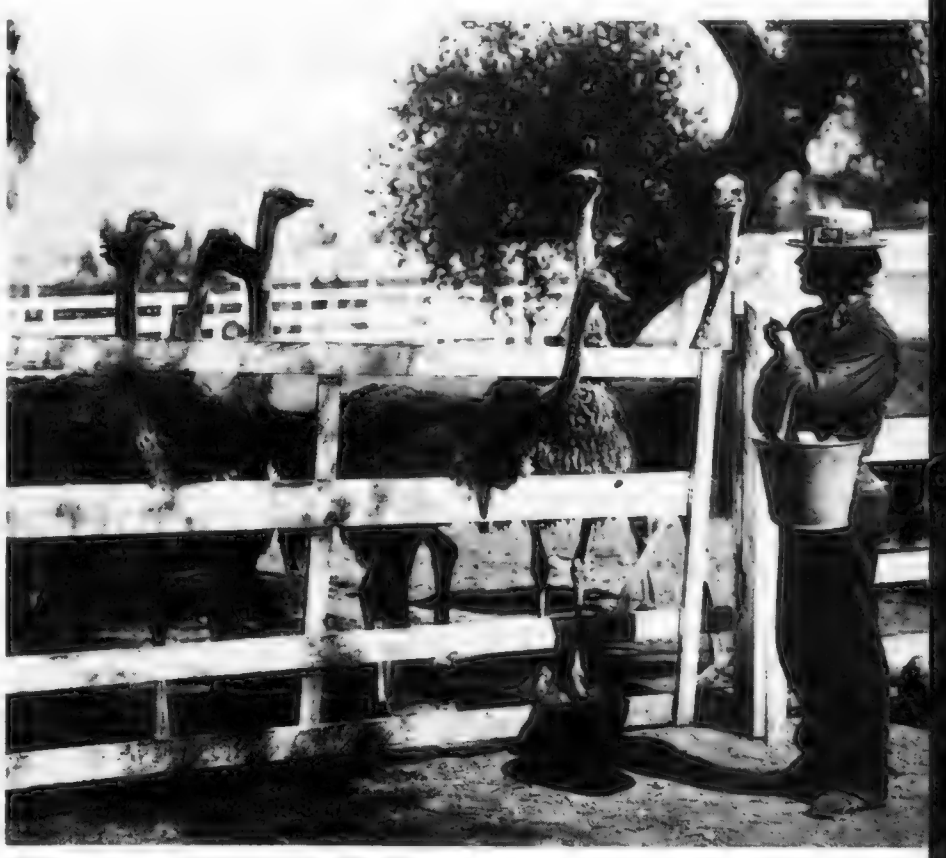
The incubator did better. On July 4, 1883, the first American-born domestic ostrich chick poked its flat bill through the shell. It had pink eyes, a swelled neck, rubber legs that didn't support it for days, and a body full of short bristling quills which made it look like a porcupine. To Frantz, it was a lovely sight; he described it poetically as "wild, shy, and active as an antelope fawn." For twenty-four hours it refused to eat, then it settled down to its first meal: a tray full of small gravel stones and crushed sea shells.

During the month of July, sixteen chicks hatched, mostly in the incubator. And when their soft gray fuzz began to lengthen into little downy sproutings, the time had come to harvest the first crop of feathers from their parents.

The farmhands—who had been roared at, hissed at, chased away, and kicked by furious ostriches when doing nothing more hostile than bringing them their food—refused to go and pluck the nine-footers which they knew could outkick any mule. Dr. Sketchly reassured them. It was a matter of know-how. Anyone who has been kicked by a mule will stay away from its back; anyone kicked by an ostrich will stay away from its front. Ostriches cannot kick back, so as long as you get behind the bird and pivot faster, you are safe. As a matter of fact, if you lie flat on the ground you are protected from a kick even in front because the bird cannot kick anything below three feet (which is probably the reason why they are afraid of dogs). The worst that can happen to you then is that the ostrich will step on you. To pluck him, Dr. Sketchly advised, take along a supply of women's stockings. Put some food for the birds on the floor, and when they stoop to eat, sneak up from behind and pull a stocking over their heads. As soon as they can't see, their courage is gone and they will let you pluck them.

The first clip was poor—too many feathers had been damaged on the trip and during those confusing first months on the ranch. Even so, the quills brought a profit of five hundred dollars.

By fall, the hens were ready to lay again. The total egg crop was three hundred and five—most of them infertile. By



Feeding time at the ostrich farm offered a varied menu—grass, gravel, broken bones, weeds and an occasional watch and chain or diamond pin snatched from an unwary tourist. The birds ate jewelry "as a sort of tonic," but an acquired taste for oranges proved the undoing of Frantz's final pair.

"Wild, shy, and active as an antelope fawn," was Billie Frantz's description of the ostrich as chick. Here, a gaggle of youngsters takes the air in southern Pasadena under the interested eyes of their parents and a human nursemaid.

Christmas the adult birds yielded a second crop of feathers, worth twenty-five hundred dollars. Other poultry farmers pricked up their ears, and one enterprising one went to South Africa and brought back twenty-four ostriches for his farm in San Diego. Dr. Sketchly took a trip to Africa, returning with thirty-six birds, which he sold to a third ostrich farmer near Los Angeles. Then the Cape Town government, which saw its monopoly on ostrich feathers threatened, imposed an export duty of five hundred dollars per ostrich.

This was good news for Frantz, who started to sell his chicks to prospective ostrich ranchers at four hundred and fifty dollars apiece. Within a few years there were two dozen ostrich ranches in California. They spread to Arizona and Texas, where cattlemen talked about using the swift-footed birds for rounding up cattle and for carrying couriers across the wide spaces. Ostrich farmers also dreamed about the time when the ostrich would be the Easter bird as the turkey is the Thanksgiving bird.

But it never got to that. Profits were not bad, but Frantz's neighbors made more from conventional crops like oranges. While his hens laid eagerly, most eggs remained unfertile; it was small comfort that he could sell them, blown out and cleaned, for three dollars as souvenirs. The ostriches also got more used to visitors, and the public was again invited to see them (without dogs) at fifty cents apiece. One pair of birds became so tame that Frantz used them to pull a little cart. But they continued to kill themselves out of sheer stupidity. Often when in a good mood the birds began to waltz, became dizzy, fell, and broke their legs. Occasionally they flew into rages and kicked each other to death. They refused to sleep under protection but lay down wherever dark overtook them; many caught colds during the rainy season. Sometimes they simply refused to eat and died of what seemed to be spite.

Ostrich-riding on a Pasadena farm — no sport for the faint-hearted.

Another unexpected drawback was their strong feeling for monogamy. Many would not take a new mate even after their old one had died. There were cases of a new husband not only being henpecked but hen-kicked to death. It was little comfort to Frantz that young ostrich meat tasted like beef and made good soup; that the fat could be used for guns, saddles, and boots; and that stuffed ostriches and skeletons fetched good prices from museums. Neither did he derive much comfort from the thought that many of the by now six thousand ostriches on California and Arizona ranches came from chicks raised by him. Looking around his prospering neighborhood, he quietly planted some acres in oranges.

And then came the day when a dog sneaked into the Frantz ranch and started a stampede. Within minutes the strong-legged birds had kicked a hole in the redwood fence, and Frantz watched helplessly as his entire fortune in poultry took off with the speed of greyhounds, flinging their clumsy legs and twisting their bodies as they raced all over the countryside. Some cowboys gave chase, and succeeded in lassoing half a dozen. Others were found crushed against houses and fences, stuck in wells, or electrocuted by torn wires. The survivors were found slumbering peacefully where they had happened to be at nightfall.

When Frantz counted his flock, he found he had eleven birds left, their plumes soiled and broken by the flight. The damage was even worse when it turned out that nine of them refused to mate. Only one pair remained.

Frantz decided to keep that pair as pets and a souvenir of his poultry venture. He sold the rest to zoos, and planted his ostrich range to orange seedlings. None too soon, he found. Orange juice became fashionable about the same time that ostrich plumes on women's hats ceased to be.

The last two ostriches were allowed to wander around in a small enclosure within the orange grove—a garden of Eden story in reverse. Whether Eve once more persuaded Adam to taste the forbidden fruit never will be known, but one day Frantz found his ostriches dead below a tree with bumps all down their long necks. They had died of an overdose of oranges.

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"What did big land holdings do to the Roman Empire?
It broke it up. Four weeks ago I rode across a farm in Texas
twenty-eight miles long, and I was sick, although I sat
upon the seat beside the proprietor of that land . . .
No man has the right to own that much land."

—J. S. EMERY, 1891

IN 1891 DELEGATES ATTENDING the first Irrigation Congress at Salt Lake City sought ways to accelerate the flow of scarce and fluctuating waters to the parched lands throughout the West. On the surface two questions confronted them: who was to do the job? and where was the money to come from? Beneath the surface lay a third question: who was to get the benefits—the few or the many?

From its inception, the irrigation movement had been a continuing process of interaction between citizens and government—of informing, deliberating, and deciding, of urging, responding, and finally acting—a story of nineteenth-century progressivism and its evolution into twentieth-century technology.

Through the 1880s private enterprise had been taking the initiative in organizing, putting up the money, and constructing irrigation works. Its projects usually were simple diversions of flowing waters. At the lowest level, farmers made a cut into a river embankment, threw a brush weir across the stream bed, and guided flood waters through ditches. But it was far more costly to store flood waters for later release. By 1890, an illustrated article by Walter Gillette Bates, in *Scribner's* Magazine, featured some ambitious private storage projects—in California near Merced, Riverside, San Bernardino, and San Diego, and in Arizona in the Salt River Valley and at Walnut Grove near Prescott.

The West, Bates boasted, "never shrinks from a proposal on account of its boldness, and, indeed, is often justified by its success." Still, amid the ferment serious financial obstacles faced the indefinite expansion of irrigation through private enterprise. The "conditions of success . . . are rigid conditions," he said, "and absolutely essential to any development by private capital [which] must look for dividends from the rent of the water."

Bates perceived that the financial capacity of government to develop irrigation might be less restricted, especially if it should choose to share in the incremental values created by its own investment. The government, "if it owned the dams, could not only charge a yearly rental for the water, but could sell the land at greatly increased prices."

To define the government's responsibility and role, in fact, far transcended solving the physical complexities of storing and putting water on farmers' dry fields. At this point Bates sought to lift the readers' sights to the urgency of arriving at a public development policy adequate to demands stemming from the broad sweep of American history. "Nearly all the good farming land of the Central Plain has now been taken up," he wrote. "The Dakotas, which have been receiving and absorbing the mass of immigrants since the lands of Nebraska, Kansas, and Minnesota have been appropriated, are now well-settled states. When Oklahoma was recently opened, twice as many settlers stood ready as there was land for them to occupy. Still the great stream of European immigration rolls in upon us. The eastern states still send their young men west. Where are all these new farmers to find the farms to work?"

But where to find organized enterprise and the money to undertake large-scale water development were not the only issues to be resolved. The search for answers to these questions could not fail also to dredge up another question: who owns the arid lands about to be watered? As a political issue, monopoly of land and speculation on its incremental values had echoed throughout the nation's history. In California especially it had reverberated recently through legislature and constitutional convention. Historian Paul Wallace Gates enumerated the remarkable succession of California conflicts during the second half of the nineteenth century, beginning with "struggles of the squatters . . . for their rights against the Mexican claimants or their assignees, who were attempting to float their claims over the squatters' improvements, the efforts of settlers to find the elusive free government land, the appar-

*Irrigation in the arid West, Walter Gillette Bates wrote in 1890, was a problem "both for the present and, still more, for the future of our country. . . . It is the problem of the reclamation of an empire. The people of the West, in their restless, American way, are attacking this problem from every side." In 1889, a group of restless American entrepreneurs in water storage began to build a dam across Bear Valley in the San Bernardino Mountains in Southern California (*Scribner's Magazine, *January, 1890).*

ent ease with which large landowners could twist and subvert for their own benefit land laws designed for the landless, the exactions of the land grant railroads, the failure to break up the great estates left by the Mexican government, the emergence of new and even larger estates, and finally the rapid rise in real estate values which followed the rapid influx of population into California." By the nineties, feelings among citizens in the West were so strong and widespread that unless the issue of a speculative land monopoly seeking to become also a water monopoly was satisfactorily resolved, all the other questions would go unanswered, including Bates' inquiry: where were the new farmers to find farms?

These hard facts and pressing questions set the stage on which the Irrigation Congress gathered for its initial meeting. But at the curtain-raising the orchestra played a different tune. Its key was one of inspiration and exhortation with a biblical tinge. If there was to be action, there was need to strengthen people's belief and confidence. In this vein a British delegate (transplanted to Utah) held out to "patriotic Americans" his notion founded upon study of the "progress of mankind": that the climate of arid and semiarid lands has been "favorable to the highest development of the human race." He assured them, "The greatest historic nations of the earth, the most aggressive people . . . were arid region nations. The Christian religion was founded in an arid region."

In a crusade, exhortation is an essential ingredient, and in time the Irrigation Congress became a crusade; yet exhortation alone could not do the job. Francis G. Newlands, of Nevada, later to become co-author of the National Reclamation Act, held the delegates to the hard, practical questions. "It was well stated," he told them, ". . . that irrigation had reached almost a stationary period. That is to say, we have throughout the arid region applied water to almost all the lands that are within easy reach of the rivers and streams. The field of individual effort seems to be almost exhausted, and the time now comes either for the action of the nation through Congress or the action of the various states through their legislatures." For thirty or forty years, he said, "the people of the arid regions have been struggling with the question, and it has never until recently reached the importance of a national question." He emphasized that the work would require "vast expenditures of money." Where was the money to come from?

The Irrigation Congress took a first, halting step toward an answer. It decided to ask the national government to cede to states and territories the public lands within their borders "for the purpose of developing irrigation." Gingerly it also put out a hand for money. On the ground that settlers on the Great Plains had failed at "making homes" because of lack of rainfall, it asked that "at least a portion of the funds received from the sale of such lands" be assigned to their irrigation. This gave an answer to the first two questions before the congress: states and territories were to do the job, helped by the national government through donation of lands and some money.

A third question remained: who was to benefit? In the light of the previous decision—to leave the job to the states—this was particularly sticky because of the disturbing record of western legislatures in past distributions of public land. Morris M. Estee, a prominent and politically experienced California delegate, stated the nature of the difficulty in temperate language, halting but perfectly clear in its meaning: "I don't mean that the members of the legislature are dishonest men; but what I do mean . . . is that if a half dozen of the leading citizens . . . go before their . . . legislature with a scheme apparently just, but really wrong, if they cannot make the worse appear the better part, and get the bill passed in their interest . . . I do have faith in the honesty of the people, and I have a faith in the individual honesty of members of the legislature; but I have a great deal of faith too in a positive, earnest ability of shrewd businessmen who know what they are going after when they go to the legislature, and especially if they want to increase their private domain at the public expense."

William E. Smythe, soon to become known as the "irrigation crusader," stated the matter more baldly. "But one objection has been made to the plan of cession," he wrote in the *Review of Reviews* in 1893. "This is that corrupt western legislatures would immediately parcel the lands out among boodlers and greedy corporations."

Estee brought the monopoly issue to a focus by proposing to limit grants made from the ceded lands to any individual to a maximum of 320 acres. Delegate Mordecai, of California, drew applause when he said, "We do not ask the Government to give us this great territory, to give away great blocks of ten, fifteen or twenty thousand acres, but . . . to provide homes for the actual settlers." Invoking history, a Kansas delegate, Judge J. S. Emery, also drew applause when he said, "What did big land holdings do to the Roman Empire? It broke it up. Four weeks ago I rode across a farm in Texas twenty-eight miles long, and I was sick, although I sat upon the seat beside the proprietor of that land. Why, I would be sick to my stomach if I rode down that valley in California, over those long miles owned by one man. One man has no right to own that much land."

Faced with this third question, the Irrigation Congress promptly and without equivocation adopted Estee's resolution to limit individual grants of land to 320 acres.

TWO YEARS LATER the Irrigation Congress reassembled in Los Angeles. The panic of 1893 was in full swing, western silver mining was in collapse, and western farmers were suffering from drought. For the long pull, irrigation looked like the best prospect for the West. On the eve of the congress, Smythe wrote, "Every movement that has wrought important changes in our social, industrial, or political fabric was born of a popular convention, and inspired and sustained by a series of other conventions, each stronger and more popular than the last."

There were no bounds to aspiration. Tactically, representation at the congress of "eastern financial and professional interests" was to be sought, and delegates from Europe, Asia, and Africa, as well. The congress added "International" to its title and locally the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce assumed its host role with enthusiasm. As the congress convened, Smythe prophesied before the assembled delegates that its place in history would be to "widen the boundaries of civilization itself." On the "cornerstone of the Republic of Irrigation," he said, "we will write: 'Sacred to the Equality of Man.'"

In this spirit the congress included in its official address a declaration that irrigation involves the "development of new forms of civilization and will give new life to popular institutions. It is a high and sacred trust, and in so far as it may become the peculiar concern of Western men, they will be true to its great obligations."

In the same spirit delegates proposed verbatim inclusion of an admonition to Americans given by the English historian T. B. Macaulay: "Your national safeguard lies in your boundless public domain . . . but the time will come when this heritage will have been consumed, this safeguard will have vanished," Macaulay had written. "You will have your crowded Birminghams and Manchesters, and then will come the test of your institutions." To these words were to be added in the report: "When President Garfield heard this letter read, he said it startled him 'like an alarm bell at night.'"

The proposal exposed a gulf in conception of the role of the Irrigation Congress between persons oriented toward rousing

Irrigating an orange grove in Riverside, California (Scribner's Magazine, *January, 1890*).

people for political action and others grounded in more routine procedures. At this point in the deliberations, engineer William Mulholland interjected, "What is the use of all this twiddling? I move . . . that we drop all talk about Macaulay and begin with 'We invite the earnest attention of our countrymen, etc.,' and we adopt that as the sense of the congress." The delegates rejected Mulholland's suggestion. Defining their self-imposed "great obligations," they declared that irrigated lands are the "heritage of the American people. To have a home upon them is the birthright of every American child." Many existing laws "governing waters and lands . . . are inadequate and dangerous." The Desert Land Law "is largely perverted from its original purpose" and "becomes in its execution the instrument of corporations who acquire land for $1.25 per acre, and sell it back again to the people upon profitable terms named only by themselves."

In these ways the issue of land monopoly came to the surface promptly and repeatedly. The Los Angeles congress came out for a ceiling of only forty acres per owner and predicted that "in the future it may be found desirable to reduce the amount still further." The content of antimonopoly policy was expanded to include the possible generation of hydroelectric power. Dr. R. R. Blowers, delegate from Lake County, California, declared: "We wish the people . . . to own it instead of the millionaire companies, who have already made claim upon the water. . . . We do not want one acre to go without that water, and we want the man who cultivates it to own it. . . . I want the whole people, from now on—from generation to generation—to own that water—own that power."

The Irrigation Congress reached no decisions as to who should put up the money for water development, or who would do the job. However, it gestured favorably toward public enterprise under state supervision as provided in California's recently adopted Wright Irrigation District Act. It was unready to ask financing by the national government as long as the request would face almost certain political rejection. Yet to the West the incentives to act were strong and already clearly visible; prominent among these were the incremental land values that irrigation would produce. As former Governor Henry H. Markham, of California, told the delegates, "On every hand you will find indisputable evidences of the great benefits of irrigation to the soil of California. Within twenty minutes' ride of this city, go in any direction you please, and you will find lands that ten or fifteen years ago were only worth from twenty-five cents to five dollars an acre, that today will pay a fair margin upon from one hundred to one thousand dollars per acre."

But how to bring the East to see the East's interest in financing western irrigation was another matter. The "idea of spending money upon the West, upon those arid plains between here and Albuquerque, and beyond" was apt to strike thrifty Yankees as "too much like throwing money away." The judge had this suggestion: "You convince him that there is money in it, and he becomes as vociferous in the applause of what is done as you Californians are in applauding what you have accomplished in this beautiful city." (Applause and laughter.)

The Irrigation Congress was feeling out the obstacles to gaining national financial support and seeking a way these could be defined, diminished, circumvented, or overcome.

DURING THE REMAINDER of the nineties, the Irrigation Congress met four times, in Denver in 1894, Albuquerque in 1895, Phoenix in 1896, and Cheyenne in 1898. The issues discussed at these sessions and the temper of delegates remained constant, wherever assembled. The necessity of relying on public enterprise rather than private was stated clearly at Cheyenne by Col. Hiram Chittenden, of the Army Engineers. "A great public work may yield a public benefit which would be greater than the cost of its construction when, if built for private profit, it would be a ruinous adventure." A "private individual," he explained, "must collect his revenue upon the direct and tangible results of the work." The government, on the other hand, "looks for its return to the resulting increase of national wealth, reaps its profit from every source of resulting gain, direct or indirect, tangible or intangible. Moreover, the public work is built for vast periods of time, whereas a private individual must realize upon his investment within a few years at farthest." Citing as precedent the public works performed on rivers and harbors, he pointedly had in mind the national government as the proper agency to accept responsibility for irrigation as well.

As western citizens realized ever more clearly that they needed help, the question of how to gain middle-western and eastern support for western reclamation loomed ever larger. At Phoenix, Delegate Gardner, of California, proposed that the West enhance the attractiveness to easterners of its appeal for their support by promising settlement on western reclaimed lands "in small tracts—very small tracts—in order to benefit their own poor." Delegate E. G. Hudson, of Illinois, believed that any one man should not own more than eighty acres in the arid western states. Another delegate added that actual settlers should receive the reclaimed lands "and not corporations, and not individuals beyond the extent of homesteads, and I think you will get the support of the East." The congress thereupon resolved to ask federal cession of public lands to western states "only upon conditions so strict that they shall absolutely insure the settlement of such land by actual settlers only in small tracts, and absolutely prevent their monopoly in large bodies. . . ."

In those ways the promoters of western irrigation spread their message, clarified and harmonized their thinking, and solidified the western base of their movement. But turning their thoughts in the direction of eastern support was no substitute for actually reaching out to win this essential to effecting their program.

II

"Is a man entitled to buy up, settle, or promote a chunk of desert and then demand that his government bring water to him from the general direction of the North Pole?"

—Major General Jackson Graham, Chief, Corps of Engineers, 1966.

BY 1900 THE PROMOTERS of western irrigation had found their target. Elwood Mead, president of the Chicago session of the Irrigation Congress, reviewed the elements of disunion within the West that had produced indecision during the nineties. Three groups had stood out: sponsors of cession to the states of lands for state development, sponsors of national development, and stockmen opposed to irrigation as an interference with the open range. But now at last westerners were united in favor of national development. Besides the greater national capacity to finance development was the advantage of uniformity of law. "The need of national laws," declared Mead, "grows out of the fact that in the West it is water and not land which is of overshadowing importance. Many western rivers are interstate streams. The laws of the states through which they flow differ widely in character, while in some they are both inadequate and dangerous. . . . No subject connected with irrigation surpasses this in importance."

It was one thing to arrive at western agreement to ask the national government to finance irrigation development and to do the job. It was another to obtain national assent. The first step toward action was to convene the Irrigation Congress for the first time outside the arid West, at Chicago, in the heartland of America.

Here, as before, the historic third question was raised: who was to benefit from irrigation, the many or the few? It entered discussions quickly and was answered as before. Congressman Newlands, of Nevada, spoke the sense of the Irrigation Congress: "Now, right here comes the question of the possible monopoly of land in the future. We hope and expect that private capital will take a part in enterprises of this character, but we know that when it does so it does not do it with an exclusive eye to the general good, but with a view of a profit to the promoters and with a view to obtaining as much profit from it as is possible. The attitude of the government is an entirely different one; . . . the ultimate purpose is to secure homes for the great masses of the people . . . and to prevent, if possible, the concentration of large holdings in individual hands."

A few delegates were skeptical. A former state engineer of Colorado, John E. Field, doubted the necessity of legal precautions against monopoly. He could not see "the profit to be derived by a corporation in controlling vast tracts" and thought that farms "are decreasing in size and reaching a higher efficiency." S. M. Emery, president of the Montana Horticultural Society, thought there was a "good deal of bugaboo made of the matter of trusts securing this land, and big corporations." But these views were exceptional, were not pressed by those who uttered them, and did not fit the temper of the delegates. On the contrary, the sense of the congress was strongly opposite. For example, Delegate John W. Ela, of Chicago, said that "when a country gets age and gets rich and capitalists begin to look around for investment, they seize upon the small farms and combine them into large farms, and by and by they are run by superintendents and day laborers."

Ela drew attention to the fact that farmers, "who only a few years ago numbered more than one-half of the population, today are less than a half and are constantly and steadily decreasing at every recurring census. We know that this particular element . . . has always been the ready remedy for communism and socialism and all those isms, and often the reliable safety-valve in all sorts of political contests."

In that era corporations were rising spectacularly in size and importance, and trust-busting was popular. A letter was introduced from General Nelson A. Miles warning that "private or corporate enterprise cannot be trusted to control the improvement with justice and equality for all concerned," and affirmed that the "united desire of our people . . . to be their own landlord rather than some landlord's tenants assures the vitality of the great American Republic." A South Dakota delegate added that it has been "well remarked that a man will not shoulder a musket and go forth to battle in defense of a boardinghouse, or a tenement house, with the same heroism that he will for a home of his own."

Urbanization was casting its shadow before. Alexander H. Revell, of Chicago, proclaimed that the "next great problems we must face are the relief of the crowded conditions of our centers and the amelioration of the distress of the poor in our great cities. . . . We need an outlet for this surplus population."

At Chicago middle-westerners and easterners alike were voicing arguments in support of western reclamation that previously westerners had been saying only to themselves. Another new note was struck by a Chicago delegate, George B. Chandler, in expressing gratification that "some of the Chicago Federation of Labor have identified themselves with this movement and shown their interest in it."

A gesture was made toward aligning western irrigation with the strongest tradition of the settlement of the Middle West. A Pennsylvania delegate told the story of Galusha A. Grow, father of the Homestead Act, who had to face the charge from constituents that "our markets have steadily decreased since 'Lusha gave the free homes to the West." But, said the delegate reassuringly, "we have never caused Mr. Grow any trouble and have always given him a big majority for Congress." This was a practical political answer to a question that soon would be decided in the arena of politics. The halls of the national Congress would be the scene of the next action.

XUM

The construction of Boulder Dam in 1935 was the major triumph of the age of government reclamation; its concrete bulk backed the Colorado River up into Lake Mead, the largest man-made body of water of its time. But the question remained: Whose water for whose land?

THE CHICAGO SESSION of the Irrigation Congress, aimed at mobilizing political support beyond the borders of the West, was effective. Platforms of the leading political parties in 1900 came out in favor of western reclamation. Although the Fifty-sixth Congress immediately following the election took no action, the Fifty-seventh responded when the new president, Theodore Roosevelt, gave his vigorous support. Having spent time in the range country of North Dakota, he was the first president since U. S. Grant to know the West personally. The House Committee on Irrigated Lands, under Congressman Frank W. Mondell, of Wyoming, set the stage for action. Although the committee anticipated some further development by private enterprise, it held that large works either serving public lands or having a large influence on the flow of considerable streams, must . . . be undertaken through some public agency." Since the states, it said, "cannot, by any possibility, secure funds to carry on reclamation," this left only the national government. Thus the House committee answered the questions faced by the Irrigation Congress—who would do the job and who would put up the money?—with the same answers as those given at Chicago.

The committee also faced the third question head on: who was to get the benefit, the few or the many? The problem lay in the privately-owned lands. These were not to be excluded from receiving the benefits of publicly-financed reclamation "in as much as the government works will, in many instances, be the only source from which water for the irrigation of such lands could be obtained." But neither were the private owners to be allowed to monopolize the publicly-supplied water. Where private lands would receive water, the committee promised to put an end to land monopoly and thus forestall water monopoly. The committee maintained that the bill was carefully guarded against the accumulation of large holdings of irrigated lands by single ownership, and would "compel the breaking up of any large tracts now held for which water rights from the government works are to be obtained by limiting the area of lands, the property of any one landowner, for which a water right may be acquired to 160 acres." Later, on the floor of the House, Congressman Newlands was to say that this provision was placed in the bill at the personal insistence of President Roosevelt.

A minority report opposing government financing of reclamation was led by Congressman George W. Ray, of New York. The major theme of its attack on the bill was that it was "a railroad project." "The land-grant railroads are behind this scheme and the real beneficiaries. These roads run through these arid lands . . . and they own vast tracts. . . . The construction of these irrigation works and reservoirs at the public expense will inure to their benefit, for it will bring their lands into the market at twenty times their present value." The minority clearly was unconvinced of the probable effectiveness of the 160-acre limitation.

The minority also claimed the bill was unconstitutional,

that "improvement of public land for sale is not . . . an object for which the government was established or the nation founded, nor is it incidental thereto." The majority, on its side, stood on grounds of precedent in disposal of public lands: "As a matter of fact, the public lands have in times past been given away in very great quantities . . . for the establishment and maintenance of agricultural colleges [and] . . . public schools and universities." But having made the constitutional point that reclamation was for a public purpose, no one, apparently, thought at the time to attach water grants for education to the public reclamation program as land grants for education were attached to programs for disposing of public lands to private owners.

The 1902 debates on the National Reclamation Bill in the Senate and House spread upon the pages of the *Congressional Record* the full range of argument developed by western citizens and by government during the preceding decade. On the floor of the Houses of Congress, western representatives were unanimous in support of federal reclamation. Familiar arguments forged and tested in the fires of public crusade for a decade were now repeated. Who stated these arguments is perhaps of even greater interest here than what they said, for the source reveals both the resistance to the western program and the swinging of political support to its side.

Principal opposition in the House came from the East, led by Congressman Ray. And Congressman Galusha A. Grow, of Pennsylvania, although appealed to as author of the Homestead Act, refused to lay his approving hand upon disposal of western public waters through reclamation, recording himself as "not voting."

The South swung conspicuously into line behind the West. Senator A. D. Clay, of Georgia, compared western reclamation to river and harbor appropriations, a program notably beneficial to southern interests. Extending a hand to the now supplicant West, Senator Clay said: "The people of my state, directly speaking, are not interested in the subject of irrigation, but . . . representing . . . a southern state, I am glad to give my vote and aid to those states in reclaiming these lands and preparing them for homes for citizens in the future. As a matter of justice, we ought to do it." Possibly the senator had in mind also that joining the West to the South as regions interested in voting national appropriations for regional benefit could enlarge the potential for "back-scratching."

Southern support for reclamation was led in the House by Oscar Underwood, of Alabama. His words, while they included southern regional interests, were statesmanlike and national. He drew upon history, economics, and politics, pointed to the decline of free land and the beginnings of urbanization, and directed specific appeals to laborers and farmers. In the spirit of the Irrigation Congress, he warned also against the dangers of land monopoly in the West. Here is what he said, to the applause of the House:

"It is contended by some that this bill should not pass, because it is opening up farming lands of the West to come in competition with our eastern and southern farms. I have no patience with such an argument, for had our fathers pursued such a policy, neither the middle states nor the western states would ever have been developed, and, besides that, it overlooks the fact that these lands are being opened to settlement for all the people, whether they now reside in the East, South, or West. The farm boys in the East want farms of their own. It gives them a place where they can go and build homes without being driven into the already overcrowded cities to seek employment.

"It will provide a place for the mechanic and wage-earner to go when the battle for their wages becomes too strenuous in the overcrowded portions of the East. . . . If this policy is not undertaken now, this great western desert will ultimately be acquired by individuals and great corporations. . . . I believe the passage of this bill is in the interest of the man who earns his bread by his daily toil. It gives him a place where he can go and be free and independent; it gives him an opportunity to be an owner of the soil and to build a home. Those are the class of men we must rely on for the safety of the nation. In times of peace they pay the taxes and maintain the government; in times of peril and strife they are the bulwark of the nation, and it is justice to them that this legislation be enacted into law."

The National Reclamation Bill passed the Senate by voice vote, and the House by 146 to 55, with 150 recording themselves as merely "present" or "not voting." Representatives

Continued on page 63

An empire of water: Arizona's Salt River Valley in the 1930s, showing the fruit of energy and government subsidy (Dorothea Lange photograph).

ESKIMO

The people of the far American North as they were seen and recorded during the great turn-of-the-century Nome gold rush.

BY WILLIAM BRONSON

XUM

For thousands of years prior to the 1898 gold strike in the tundra of the southern Seward Peninsula, the Eskimos of northwestern Alaska had gone their old ways and managed to wrench a life, in many respects a rich life, from the cold and forbidding land and sea.

While Norsemen had first made contact with the Eskimos of southern Greenland as far back as the eleventh century, it wasn't until the first half of the nineteenth century, when Russian traders and American whalers sailed north, that Eskimos of the Bering Straits were exposed to "civilization." Earlier fur trade with Siberia had brought some Western goods (principally tobacco) to northern Alaska, but not until the traders arrived did Western material culture have measurable impact on Eskimo life—and that was only in the way of a few comforts and staples: flour, tea, sugar, cotton yardage, and hardware, which were traded principally for furs.

Essentially, the old ways remained. Virtually all of the things the Eskimos needed—food, shelter, clothing, light and heat, transportation, weapons (except for rifles), and most tools and implements—were still taken from nature. This is, of course, true in all hunting societies, but nowhere in the world had nature thrown up so many obstacles to human survival as in the Far North. And nowhere had a people developed a culture so superbly geared to survival.

In 1898, three Scandinavian prospectors found placer gold a few miles north of the present city of Nome, and when word reached the outside, the rush was on. Eskimos of the region were soon to see, in Nome alone, twenty-five or thirty times as many people as they had ever seen gathered in one place in their lives. Miners from the Klondike and Yukon set out by the thousands for the new fields, and many more thousands embarked for the new Eldorado from the States, urged on by the propaganda of West Coast shipping companies and other commercial boomers. The Nome mines did prove to be rich, but most of the country was staked out before the bulk of the stampeders arrived. Had it not been for the 1899 discovery of gold in the sands of Nome's beach, which was declared everyman's paydirt by the lieutenant in charge of the small local U.S. Army detachment,

XUM

most of the gold-seekers would never have known the pleasure of making a living, if only a meager one, by shoveling their own gold from the earth.

But while few found gold, the Nome adventure was enriched, in small part at least, by the presence of the Bering Straits Eskimos. It is not recorded what the Eskimos thought of their uninvited guests. Although there must have been some friction, at least in isolated incidents, between white and native, accounts in books and periodicals don't reflect it. Certainly there was no open hostility.

Nome itself was built on the site of a small, temporary Eskimo fishing camp, and it became a magnet to Eskimos of King Island, Little Diomede Island, and other adjacent mainland communities during the summers. Years passed before the Eskimos became any significant part of the labor force, but their ivory work, skin clothing, meat, furs, basketry, and other manufactured goods all found a ready place in the American market.

With the miners, capitalists, sharpers, tradesmen, artisans, and camp followers who flocked to Nome, there came also photographers; it is their work with which we are herein concerned, for they have left a record that a wall of books could not match. From a historical standpoint, one of the great values of these pictures, aside from what they recorded of Eskimo cultural elements now passed and the bustle of early Nome and the mines, is what the white man saw and felt was worth photographing of the Eskimos—for much of what he photographed was governed by what he thought the American print-buying market would want to see. The commercial photographic legacy is, then, as much a reflection of the American culture as it is of the Eskimo.

William Bronson *is the author of* **The Earth Shook, the Sky Burned** *(1959), an illustrated history of the San Francisco earthquake and fire of 1906;* **Still Flying and Nailed to the Mast** *(1963), a history of the Fireman's Fund Insurance Company; and most recently,* **How to Kill a Golden State** *(1968), a devoted conservationist's view of progress and environment in California.*

Preceding pages: Arctic summer in the Bering Sea, August 24, 1905. A group of Eskimos prepares to launch an oomiak at the Nome waterfront for the 120-mile voyage north to Cape Prince of Wales.

F. H. Nowell was Nome's leading photographer for many of the town's early years, but the first commerical photographer to arrive was E. A. Hegg, whose photographic record of the Klondike gold rush was unmatched. From the work of these two and the Lomen Brothers, the third major commercial photo house, we can draw a vivid picture of early Nome. And while almost every subject captured by these men is fascinating to review, none is more so than the native peoples they found. In this picture, some of Nowell's more popular scenes are displayed at the front of his studio. If you look closely, you'll see that the pictures are all of Eskimos, an indication of the great interest they generated. Thousands of prints were bought as souvenirs of the Nome experience.

This picture is one of half a dozen of Nowell's most popular stock shots. The girls posed with reindeer of the American Missionary Association herd at Cape Prince of Wales. This is the same photo which is displayed above the lady's hat in the view of Nowell's studio, facing page. Reindeer, which are closely related to the native caribou, were first introduced to Alaska from eastern Siberia by the Reverend Sheldon Jackson.

Many of the early Seward Peninsula pictures strongly indicate the warmth and affection the white newcomers felt toward the natives, despite the fact that schools and churches and graveyards were segregated. There was a pervasive belief among whites that civilized ways were superior to native, but abuse and hostility were lacking. In the picture at the left, Anna Ruhl, who ran a small roadhouse at Deering, poses with two young Eskimo women. Nowell titled the photo "Belles of the Inmachuk." The picture at right, also taken by Nowell, shows five little future heartbreakers posing with their teacher at the Cape Prince of Wales school. And in the stiffly posed shot, center, taken by Hegg at Kewalik, note the two little girls on the right, hand in hand.

Americans, whether conscious of it or not, were deeply impressed with the drama of the Eskimo hunt; and although most of the hunting scenes that were taken were posed, as this one was, a feeling of the solemnity of the occasion pervades them all. (Lomen Brothers)

Eskimo culture was shaped by sea mammals — the whales, seals, sea lions, walruses, and beluga which supplied them with the meat, oil, skins, and ivory without which most of their settlements simply could not have existed. To be sure, their diet was as varied as the land and sea would afford, but sea mammals provided the bulk of the food and materials needed for survival. The animals provided food not only for the people but for their dogs; the oil was used for heat and light and food; the hides were used for clothing, shelter, lines and lashings, containers, and great variety of other ingenious applications; whale bones were used to build igloos; walrus intestines were used to make rainproof parkas; ivory was used for trade and to make the harpoon points upon which their hunting depended.

The oomiak was widely used for summer travel and for hunting the large marine mammals. The hull was formed of walrus hide stretched over a wooden frame. While paddles were generally used to propel the craft, there is evidence that sails were in use long before the arrival of eighteenth-century explorers. In this oomiak, along with a jumble of assorted gear, are two inflated sealskin floats. These were attached by long sealskin lines to harpoon points which, once imbedded under the hide of a whale or walrus, would separate from the harpoon shaft itself. The wounded animal might dive, but the float marked his position and allowed the hunter to eventually claim his quarry.

A great whale, probably a bowhead, is in the process of being cut up and distributed to the community. While the scene seems slightly chaotic, the butchering and division of the meat and blubber was actually quite formalized. The pattern of cutting was prescribed by custom, and preferential parts of the animal were distributed to members of the hunting party according to the tasks they performed in the hunt. The whole community shared not only in the bounty, but in pre-hunt religious ceremonies and post-hunt festivities as well.

While the walrus was not hunted by some of the western Alaskan settlements, its seasonal abundance supported large populations in such places as Cape Prince of Wales, King Island, and Saint Lawrence Island. Walruses were relatively easy to capture and often taken in huge numbers.

XUM

Carved and incised ivory was in great demand. While whale ivory was available, the curved tusks of the Pacific walrus were the principal resource. A large bull could yield tusks a yard long and a foot in circumference at the base, but these were the exception. The young men, above, left, who may well be King Islanders camped at the Nome beach, are engraving whole tusks for the trade. The range of subject matter for their illustrations embraced their entire world. Many of the tusks were decorated and drilled to serve as cribbage boards. The picture below, which like the accompanying photo was taken by Hegg, shows a prosperous young couple at Port Clarence, probably in or near Teller, manufacturing trade goods. (As soon as weather permitted, Eskimos moved out of their dark and cramped igloos into tents, and moved back only when winter weather returned.) The man is using a bow drill — one of a number of identical tools used by virtually all Eskimos from Greenland to Siberia — to hollow a small piece of ivory for some purpose, perhaps to make a pipe. His wife is working on a pair of mukluks, the Eskimo footwear, beautiful examples of which both of them are wearing. All of their clothes were made by her from furs and hides and sinews gathered by him.

Eskimo curios were sought after by Nome gold-seekers, and to this day native arts and crafts are important sources of cash income to a number of Eskimos. There were two kinds of mementos the newcomers wanted: things that were normally made by the Eskimos for their own use, such as parkas, mukluks, baskets, and implements of one sort or another; and things that were made for trade or sale, such as ivory carvings and scale models of kayaks and oomiaks. Of Eskimo art, anthropologist Dorothy Jean Ray wrote in **Graphic Art of the Alaskan Eskimo** (Volume II of the Department of Interior's Indian Arts and Crafts Board series on native American arts): "Art has always been a pervading and special part of Eskimo life, though there are no words in the language for 'art' and 'artist.' Yet a sensitivity toward making beautiful objects from whatever was at hand for whatever purpose — a ceremonial sculpture of ivory for spiritual protection or a simple handle from wood for personal satisfaction — was the cultural heritage of almost every Eskimo."

Eskimo coiled-grass basketry was of a high order of workmanship; the baskets were generally patternless, quite symmetrical, sturdy, and often adorned with simple yarn and trade bead embellishments. The strap at the lower left of the picture is a traditional woman's belt. Hundreds of caribou teeth were sewn to the leather to produce the striped pattern. The darling little Eskimo faces didn't hurt sales of this picture at all. It was taken at Teller by Nowell.

This theme was a well-tried one, but it inevitably sold. The caption read, "Eskimo Automobile Transfer Co., Nome, Alaska. All aboard for Cape Prince of Wales, Kotzebue Sound and way ports."

Two King Island nursing mothers and an older friend seated in the sun on the Nome beach in the summer of 1905. Behind them is the bottom of an upturned oomiak which served as living quarters. The picture has strong human interest, but Nowell felt it necessary to boost sales potential by captioning it "Eskimo Bob Tail Flush."

"Six little Arctic natives"

The history of photography in the West is replete with pictures of natives in situations which essentially made fun of them—almost always, one can be sure, without their knowledge of the photographer's intent. And Alaska, particularly Nome, was no exception. The pictures are not cruel, but they do reflect the attitude of superiority felt by the dominant society which moved in the Eskimo's midst. Along with the forced humor, there were also pictures that were good fun and not consciously compromising; they were merely taken to sell, and generally capitalized on the sweet faces of Eskimo children. (All six photos by Nowell)

Only God knows how many hardships this man had survived; how many whales or walruses he may have killed to sustain his family and community; how many days he might have spent marooned in paralyzing blizzards. But in the process of acculturation to Western ways which followed the white man's arrival in the North, this hunter found himself in Western clothing doing a Western chore normally done by a Western woman. Nowell saw the potential; undoubtedly paid the man, as was the practice, for the right to take the shot; and later sold a bushel basket full of prints.

"Eskimo children bathing in the Bering Sea"

Nowell may have searched for a title for this one, but wisely let it speak for itself. With that precious infant and his supple mama, who needs captions?

XUM

With all the curious and fun-making and exciting scenes the photographers recorded, it is in the portraits that we can find an expression of the underlying sentiment of Americans toward the natives they found in the North. The photographers saw beauty, strength, dignity, and sometimes joy in the faces of the Eskimo, and they captured it.

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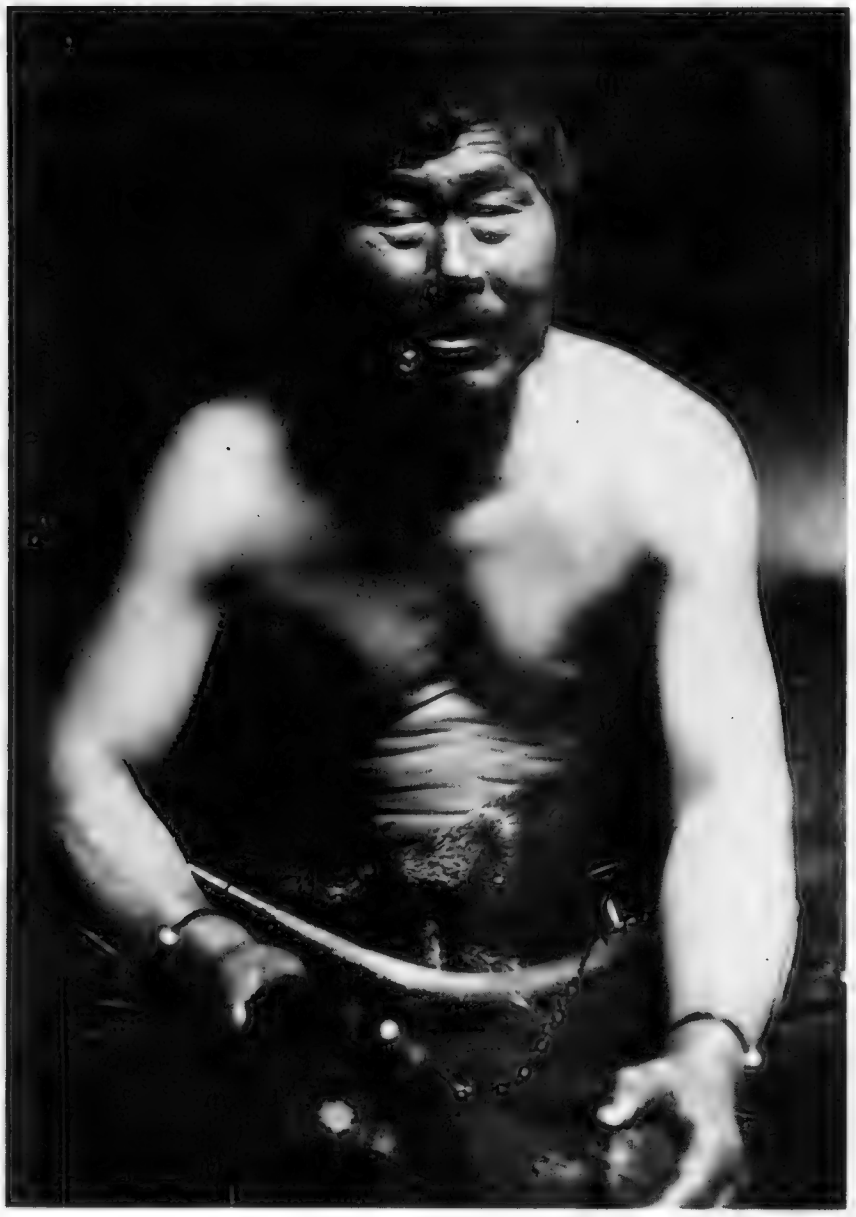


The photographers found serenity and majesty in the faces of the young and the old—and even in the graves of their dead.

XUM

A Matter of Opinion

MICROCOSM by A. B. Guthrie, Jr.

In the spring of 1969, for the first time in history, the little town of Choteau, Montana, ran out of water.

No one, to my knowledge, accounted satisfactorily for this unprecedented want of what had been taken for granted. The mayor laid it to early rains and a fast melt of snow in the neighboring highlands—as if these conditions had no antecedents. Yes, he said, the rapid run-off was causative, but nothing was wrong that a good downpour wouldn't right.

Superficially, the drying-up of old sources of water was hard to explain. A creek runs through the eastern fringe of the town, and the Teton River has channeled its course just to the west of it. More, the town has no industries, its growth in population has been minimal over the decades, and not yet were householders increasing consumption by spraying gardens and lawns.

How was it then that this small strip of land, bordered by streams, static in human numbers, and subject to no uncommon demands, should go dry?

Begin with irrigation ditches and impoundments but guard against hasty assessment of blame. Long ago, when the flow seemed adequate, water rights to the Teton were adjudicated. For years this legal parceling out of miner's inches met with general if not unanimous satisfaction and seemed not too damaging to the river.

It happened then, and notably afterwards, that the watershed, down from the mountains to the edge of the settlement, was over-grazed and, far more important, plowed up. In addition, before and after and to this day of clear-cutting denudement, the Forest Service has authorized logging in the canyons where the forks of the Teton originate, though the high country is fragile and semiarid, and a lifetime is too short to witness replacement. Nowadays—the old-timer is highly imaginative—the forks and the joined river, miles above the first of the water-right outlets, run roaring when the snow melts, straighter and faster and more violent than in remembrance, and, with the snow gone, despair as they did not before.

A decade and more ago, after a flood, the ever-ready Army Engineers undertook to make a straight chute of miles of the Teton so that the town wouldn't be troubled again. It stood to reason, didn't it, that a speed-up of the run-off of the spring thaw would lessen the chances of another misfortune?

With rights to the Teton adjudicated, farmers and ranchers without rights commenced thinking about winter water. Undemanded in the cold and dormant months, it coursed down to its junction with the Marias and so to the Missouri and on to the sea. What a waste! And what more sensible than to divert and impound this flow, to create reservoirs on which irrigators with no direct rights to the river could draw when in need? And so, to hollows natural and diked and partly bull-dozed, the water went.

No one knows the real effect of these diversions, though the biggest one leads to a reservoir across a divide from the Teton. Much effect? Some effect? Any? A young rancher, a beneficiary, said with some heat, "That water's being put to use now." Yes. Yes.

Beyond dispute is the fact that the Teton, year by slow year, almost imperceptibly, has diminished in flow. It doesn't flow at all for miles west and north of the town after the ditches have taken their due. Downstream is bare stone or stagnant puddles at best. And today in dry seasons holders of water rights fret as their rights must wait on the satisfaction of higher priorities.

It was for some or all of the reasons told here that the townspeople thirsted that spring.

I grew up in Choteau. I played in town and in the adjacent fields. I hunted the woods and the marshes and beaver dams. I fished the streams. In moist meadows redtop and timothy grew thigh-high in those days. There were sloughs, one right on the south skirt of town, long since dried up. And there were springs, of which the biggest was appropriated and cemented over to supply Choteau's new water system. It sufficed then. Before conversion its overflow created a pool, home of suckers and trout, and went on to form a froggy pond and from it flowed in a stream that, diverted a bit by shovel and pick, irrigated numerous gardens and lawns, including ours. An easy walk took me to the Teton and a nice catch of fish. Water? If a man wanted a well, he could dig it himself and find the pure stuff in less than the length of a ladder. He would have thought it absurd for the town to drill a deep well, as Choteau is doing this minute despite those downpours that would right what was wrong.

But so few are old enough to remember, and some of them are too tired to care much or are of dim and infirm remembrance. All defer to unmemoried youth; and change creeps on and, creeping, hides in day-by-day and year-by-year.

It takes a long, long time for the bright face of progress to assume the true features of ruin.

A. B. Guthrie, Jr., is editor of the McGraw-Hill American Trails series. His works include *The Blue Hen's Chick* (1965); *The Big It and Other Stories* (1960); *The Way West* (1949), for which he received the Pulitzer Prize; and *The Big Sky* (1947).

This page, A MATTER OF OPINION, *is provided as an open forum. Contributions are invited, but should be limited to 750 words and must be signed.*

THE AMERICAN WEST REVIEW

An End to the Medicine Man Myth

BY FEROL EGAN

INFLUENCED by Hollywood's mythology, many people have a stereotyped concept of American Indian medicine. At best, such limited knowledge has given credit to a few Indian contributions to the list of accepted botanical drugs. At worst, attitudes of ignorance have pictured Indian medicine as something in league with the devil—something made up of strange incantations, superstition, quackery, plus a long list of nonscientific "cures" for various diseases. Now, in one large, fascinating book Vogel provides the proper antidote to all the years of fancy that have pushed native American medical contributions out of sight, or have limited the reality of their significance to the limbo of scholarly journals.

Ranging from "Indian Theories of Disease, and Shamanistic Practices" to "American Indian Therapeutic Methods," this soundly documented volume is a remarkable contribution to the history of the moving American frontier. Vogel neatly shows how Old World science—such as it was—dominated the medical practices of European settlers along the Atlantic seaboard. He then points out that it was the explorers and pioneers, who pushed beyond the last smoke of settlements, who learned the value of Indian medicine and by so doing gradually reshaped their own traditional beliefs to fit the needs and the times of this new land.

More than one party of explorers was saved by Indian doctors whose grasp of botanical cures was way ahead of Old World science. A good example of this took place in the winter of 1535–36 when three ships under the command of Jacques Cartier were caught in the ice of the St. Lawrence River. As scurvy began to take its toll of Cartier's crew, he and his men were rescued by Indians whose women boiled bark and leaves and applied the medicine to the afflicted men. "All those so treated rapidly recovered their health, and the Frenchmen marveled at the curative skill of the natives."

As the pioneers pushed westward, European doctors, medicine, and hospitals simply vanished. Faced with these conditions, white settlers not only used herbs, barks, and bulbs employed by nearby tribes, but also paid fees to and were treated by Indian doctors. Out of this relationship between whites and Indians came many influences upon the pioneers. Some whites trained under Indian doctors and became white "Indian" doctors. Indian remedies were used by frontier people, and in this fashion these medicines became part of American folk medicine long before they ever received any official scientific recognition. Finally, even the con-men saw a profit to be made from such things, and patent medicine vendors began to appear with "cures" for everything. Such flimflam men reached their zenith in that period between the close of the Civil War and the start of World War I. During this time medicine shows "toured the country with bands of 'real live Indians,' pitching their tents in some mud flat and advertising their presence with a noisy and colorful parade down Main Street.

But the medicine show wasn't the only misuse and misrepresentation of Indian knowledge. For away from frontier America, the attitudes of white scientists toward the medical practices of the native Americans was highly prejudiced. The position of white physicians was that of a closed mind. Yet while these men refused to examine the healing arts of the American Indians, their own patients were suffering when there was no need of suffering. While whites were still without anesthetics, the Incas had a long history of using cocaine as an anesthetic in such intricate skull surgery as trephination. And while women were still dying in childbirth, Nevada's Paiutes knew how to prevent conception by having a woman drink a daily dosage of stoneseed *(Lithospermum ruderale)* and cold water for six months—a contraceptive that whites finally tested and found suitable only in the 1950s.

The total influence of American Indian medicine upon the mainstream of today's medical knowledge is enormous. Within the "official drug compendia of the United States," there are more than two hundred drugs which have come to us from the Indians of North and South America. Some are familiar household cathartic drugs such as cascara and sassafras; some are hallucinogenic drugs such as peyote (also used as a pain killer) and Jimson weed; and some such as Cinchona or Peruvian bark (miscalled quinine) have been used to control malaria.

As *American Indian Medicine* makes quite clear, the natives of the New World were not limited to their knowledge of natural medicines. They had developed surgical techniques, knew how to fill teeth, could set broken bones and keep them stable with splints, had invented their own "bulbed syringe for enemata and medical injections," and were well aware of the benefits of sweat baths and daily bathing while most Europeans feared a bath and had to hide their own body odors with perfume.

American Indian Medicine is much more than its title indicates. For in presenting the medical practices of the New World, Vogel gives a fine picture of the historical relationship between the native Americans and the newcomers from the Old World. And as he states, "a better understanding of what some of these people have given us can form the basis of a new and healthier attitude."

American Indian Medicine by Virgil J. Vogel *(University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, 1970; 583 pp., illus., notes, appen., biblio., index, $12.50).*

Arizona Politics—Territory to Statehood

BY HENRY P. WALKER

Arizona Territory, 1863–1912: A Political History by Jay J. Wagoner *(University of Arizona Press, Tucson, 1970; 587 pp., illus., appen., index, $12.00).*

THE TITLE of this book is an exact description of its contents. It is a detailed study of the history of politics in the Arizona Territory from 1863, when the bill establishing the territory was signed by President Abraham Lincoln, to the signing of the statehood bill by President William H. Taft in 1912.

In the early days of the territory, a great majority of the electorate had moved into Arizona from other states, where they had been allied with one of the two great national parties. However, to draw maximum support most politicians ran under such nondescript titles as "Union" or "Independent." The chief political distinction was between supporters and opponents of the so-called Federal Ring. The Ring was made up of the merchants and freighters who profited directly from contracts to supply the Indian agencies and the military posts scattered throughout the territory. The Federal Ring's political influence began to fade with the reduction of the Apache menace, the growth of population brought on by the great silver mining boom of the 1870s, and the increase in farming and ranching. Despite agitation as early as 1868, it was not until 1880 that the Democrats and Republicans of the territory became fully organized political parties.

Throughout the territorial period, the national administration in Washington was in the hands of the Republican party (with the exception of President Grover Cleveland's two terms as President, 1885–89 and 1893–97). As a result the Federal appointees—governors, secretaries, marshals, district attorneys, and justices of the territorial Supreme Court—were mostly Republicans, as were those officers appointed by the governor. At the same time, the greater part of the voters and the majority in the Territorial Legislature owed allegiance to the Democratic party. Because of this dichotomy of political affiliation, the effectiveness of territorial government could be measured by the ability of the executive and legislative branches to cooperate for the benefit of the whole. Even when the national administration, territorial executive, and territorial legislature were in the hands of the same party, peace was not assured.

For example, Louis S. Hughes, editor and publisher of the Democratic Tucson *Arizona Star* and outspoken reformer, was removed from office by President Cleveland, who had appointed him, after only three years because his crusading spirit badly divided the territorial Democratic party. Lewis Wolfley, Republican, resigned as governor because of the antagonism of leading Republicans in the territory and over a dispute with the national administration concerning arid-land policy. One governor, John P. Hoyt, served such a short twelve-month term that there was no legislative session during his tenure of office. The first seven and the ninth governors (seven Republicans and one Democrat) were not residents of the territory at the time of their appointment. These "carpetbagger" appointees varied greatly in their effectiveness—from A. P. K. Safford, who earned the title of "Father of the Arizona Public Schools," to General John C. Fremont, who spent most of his term of office in the East trying to sell stock in his mining ventures. Beginning with Nathan O. Murphy's first term, starting in 1892, the governors were selected from *bona fide* residents of the territory.

Because the most important and territory-wide elective office was that of the non-voting territorial delegate to the United States Congress, most of the delegates sent to Washington were Democrats who had to deal with Republican dominated congresses. Democrat Marcus A. Smith served as delegate for eight two-year terms. Only when the local Democratic party suffered a schism could the Republicans win the election for delegate.

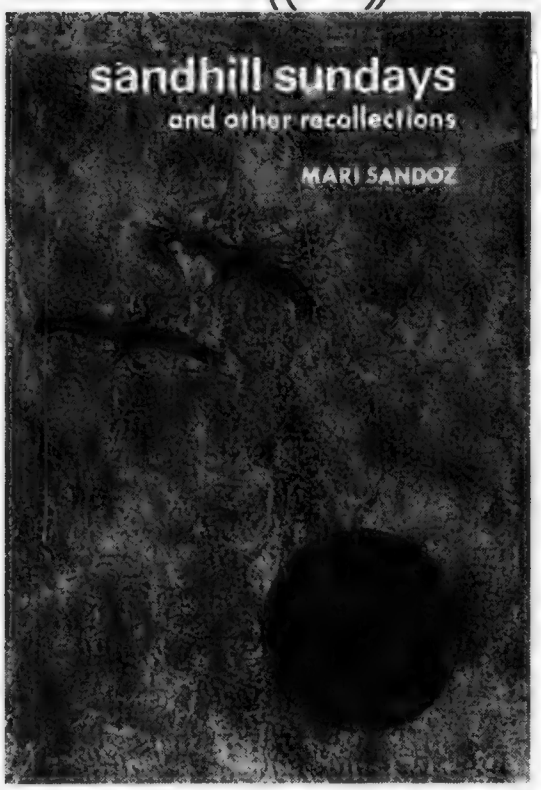
When the Federal Ring faded in the late 1870s, another politico-economic bloc arose which was to have great and long-lasting influence on the politics of the territory. This was the bloc representing the mining and railroad interests. Governor Joseph H. Kibbey, former associate justice of the territorial Supreme Court, whose decision in the case of *Wormser et al. vs. Salt River Valley Canal Company* (1892) became the basis of irrigation law in Arizona, pointed out in 1906 that the mines were assessed at only three to five percent of their actual value. Despite legal opposition, the county assessors did raise the assessment of mines by $3,500,000. The railroads presented a more complex problem. The tax rate for the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe, a land grant railroad, had been set by Congress at $175 per mile based on an approximate valuation of $5,500 per mile. On the other hand, the Southern Pacific, which was quite comparable in value, was assessed at $7,000 per mile and raised in 1907 to $11,000 per mile. The struggle to equalize assessment of mines and railroads with that of town lots, farmlands, livestock, and improvements carried over into the period of statehood.

After an opening chapter describing the impact of the Civil War on Arizona, which brought about the establishment of territorial government, Wagoner devotes a chapter to each of the seventeen administrations (including two for N. O. Murphy). Also included are chapters on "The Federal Ring," "Receding Red Man," and "Law and Order." The research behind this work is deep, including original manuscripts, newspapers, and printed sources.

There has long been a need for such a study, not only in Arizona, but also in most of the territories of the United States. This book is not as broadly interpretive as Howard R. Lamar's *Dakota Territory 1801–1889: A Study of Frontier Politics* (1956) or the Arizona section of his *The Far Southwest 1846–1912: A Territorial History* (1966). On the other hand, Wagoner's work is much more detailed and explains the reasons behind many of the quirks and inconsistencies of Arizona territorial politics.

Henry P. Walker, *assistant editor of* Arizona and the West, *is author of* The Wagonmasters *(1966) and numerous magazine articles on the Southwest.*

Sunday Afternoons ...and those who kept the peace



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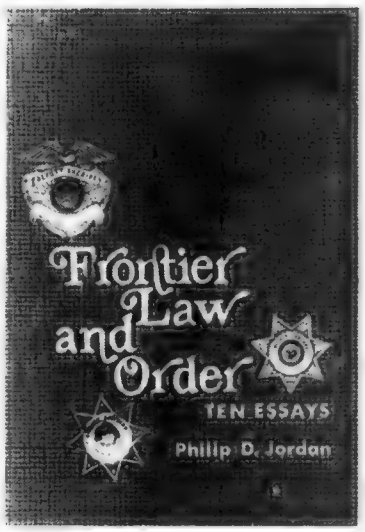

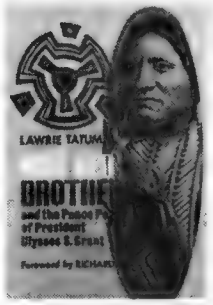

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By Lawrie Tatum ***Foreword by Richard N. Ellis***

This classic in the literature on the Southern Plains, first published in 1899, is an invaluable source for the history of the Kiowas, Comanches, and other tribes, as well as of an important period in the development of federal Indian policy. The foreword sketches Tatum's life and provides background information on the Indian situation. Cloth **$5.50** / paper (Bison Book 356) **$1.95**

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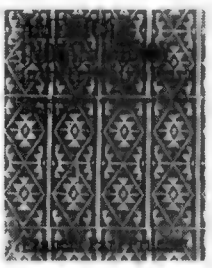

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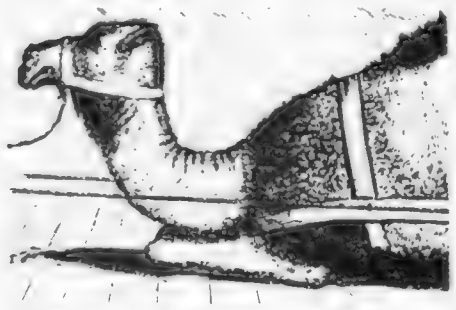

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Peace-Loving Indians and the Balance of Power

By Jon C. Bower

In the northwestern regions of the United States and into part of Canada, a group of Indians existed which has largely been overlooked by historians. Perhaps it is because of their peaceful association with the white man and his various intrusions and encroachments that the Flathead, the Kootenay, and other related tribes have been virtually neglected. Conflict and battles with trumpets blowing comprise the most interesting historical reading.

In Olga Weydemeyer Johnson's *Flathead and Kootenay: The Rivers, the Tribes, and the Region's Traders* we find a pleasant change from the general trend. Mrs. Johnson has at least opened a few vistas of insight into these heretofore neglected peoples. In her impressive book, she describes the life of these tribes—their culture, background, religion, legends, and ultimately, their dealings with the white men. She also covers various related topics, such as the topography of the region and its climatic effects on the people.

Beginning with the prehistoric wanderings of these early Indians which eventually led to their subsequent settlement in the Northwest, and continuing until they were eventually settled on reservations, Mrs. Johnson follows the history of the Flatheads and their relatives, presenting it in a concise and carefully annotated manner.

The origin of both the Flathead and Kootenay Indians seems to be a bit dim. There may have been, in prehistoric times, a linguistic link with the Algonkian tongue. This would have been far to the north however, and long before the Indians reached their present ranges.

These Indians lived largely secluded from the creeping yet persistent influx of the whites until around 1800. They were essentially a mountain people, dependent upon hunting and trading for their livelihood. With the introduction of the horse, they were able to compete with the prairie peoples to the east for the bounty afforded by the immense herds of bison that roamed the plains. The horse, which they acquired before their eastern neighbors, made them a mobile and relatively powerful force to be reckoned with if their enemies, the Blackfeet, should decide to dispute their right to hunt.

This advantage was somewhat curtailed when the Blackfeet acquired the white man's "arm that flashes fire." The gun eventually caused the Indians' dependence upon the white man—the Indians never learned to repair their weapons or manufacture ammunition for them.

Of course, soon the Flathead and Kootenay peoples obtained guns themselves and the balance of power in the Northwest maintained itself with a moderate degree of friction. These people were content to live their lives and leave warring to their prairie neighbors. To be sure, they protected their interests, but they seemed adverse to making war for the fun of it.

With their willingness to follow the white man's road in almost every way including religion, ranching, and farming, these people were ideal targets for the opportunists of the time. It was not long before their amicable nature and readiness to help were rewarded by the whites' usual gifts: disease, debauchment, degradation, and degeneracy. They were cheated, starved, and driven from their lands. It is the same old tale, except that these Indians chose, for the most part, to remain peaceful and trusting.

Mrs. Johnson's admirable history of these peoples ends with a timely reminder that it may not be too late to reevaluate ourselves, and learn from these proud people whose dignity has withstood the assaults and insults of nearly two hundred years. It is as she says, "each frontier begets another."

Jon C. Bower *of Steamboat Springs, Colorado, is an entertainer and a writer of western history.*

Flathead and Kootenay: The Rivers, the Tribes, and the Region's Traders by Olga Weydemeyer Johnson *(Arthur H. Clark Co., Glendale, California, 1969; 392 pp., illus., map, biblio., notes, index, $13.50).*

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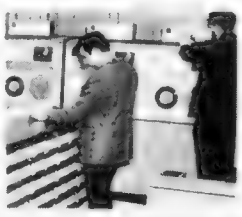

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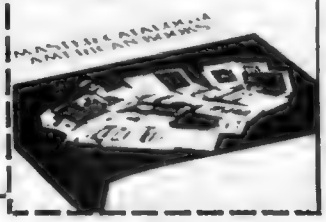

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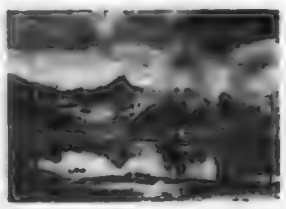

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Le Grand Seigneur—Frontier Entrepreneur

BY PAUL ELDER

IN 1883 two young men arrived at a typical rough frontier post on the bank of the Little Missouri River, by way of the just-completed Northern Pacific Railroad. One was Theodore Roosevelt, a young New York assemblyman traveling for his health. The other was the Marquis de Mores, a handsome, spirited Frenchman.

De Mores was a *grand seigneur* with a burning ambition and soaring imagination backed with plenty of cash. His enterprises were to become so vast that the newspapers dubbed him "The Emperor of the Bad Lands." The impression he made on his contemporaries lived for more than half a century after he left Dakota Territory.

The Frenchman, ramrod straight, with olive complexion, a determined chin curly black hair, and long sideburns, was an aristocratic soldier, bristling with the characteristics of the classical adventurer. Although unfailingly polite, he was also aloof and somewhat imperious, a characteristic that was heightened by slightly hooded eyelids and a flaring black mustache that ended in needle-pointed waxed tips.

His American-born wife was a rich, Titian-haired beauty, Medora von Hoffman, the Marquise de Mores. Medora—the city which he conceived, brought into existence, and named after her—was not intended to just grow as did most of America. From the beginning there was a specific plan for a four-thousand-acre "growth" city to be developed on both sides of the railroad track on the east bank of the Little Missouri River, with a park-like area on the other bank.

The Marquis executed his ambitious plans with vigor and dispatch. Construction began on a packing plant, and six months later the slaughterhouse was ready, with butchers and other employees. Quarters and halves of beef were rumbling off to Chicago in the cars of his Northern Pacific Refrigerator Car Company. Already he had blueprints for icehouses along the route to Chicago, was negotiating for other refrigerator plants in the East, and was eyeing the route to the Pacific Coast. His "Chateau" was started and a hotel, The Roughriders, where Roosevelt later stayed, was completed.

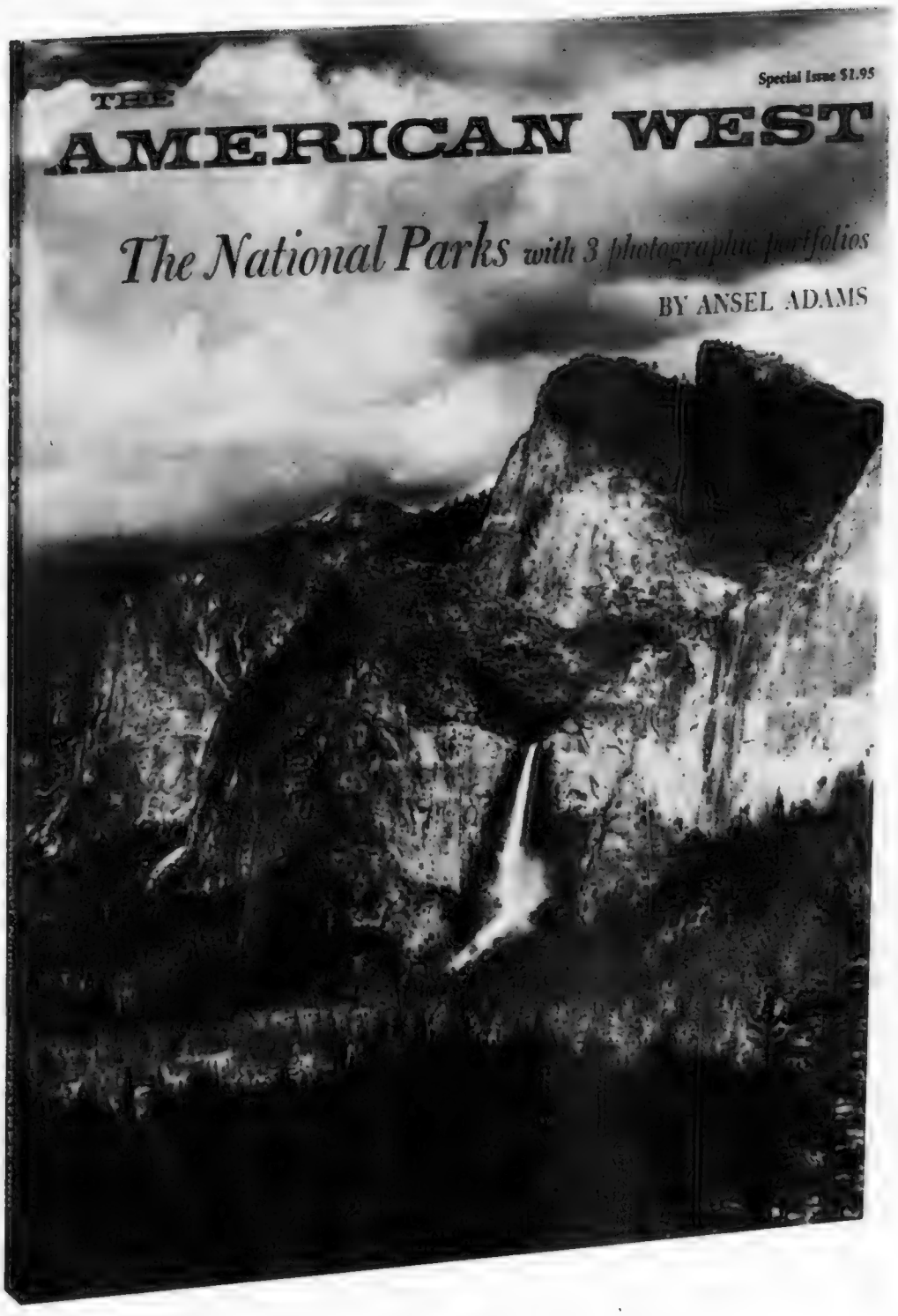
De Mores bought strips of land twenty to twenty-five miles long—stretching five miles inland from the riverbank—and thus controlled the water rights which served several thousand acres abutting his property. He bought twelve thousand acres of wheatland one hundred miles away; established a stagecoach line to Deadwood (the Medora & Black Hills Stage & Forwarding Company); entered into sizeable cattle deals and contemplated buying all the livestock that came over the Northern Pacific, slaughtering it in his abattoirs at Medora and shipping the finished product to Chicago and the East.

The natives were angry about his corner on the water rights and his acquisition of land from the government by purchase of script (an option open to all). His large landholdings were evidence of his desire to run everything in the western part of the territory. True, others owned large areas of land and/or large herds, but there was a difference in nationality—de Mores was suspect because he was a foreigner, and contemptuously referred to as "the grandiose Frenchman." Xenophobia on the western frontier of melting-pot America!

The Marquis de Mores: Emperor of the Bad Lands by Donald Dresden *(University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, 1970; 282 pp., illus., index, $5.95).*

But he iced the cake when he fenced his land with barbed wire, thus breaking the tradition of the open range. It was a stick of dynamite with a short fuse. In addition to an almost solid front of hostility directed at him by an outraged citizenry, the moneyed beef trust felt the bitter thrust of his competition and fought back with political influence, financial chicanery, discriminatory freight rates, and hired gunmen.

(Continued on page 62)



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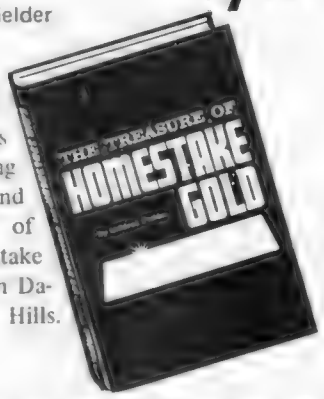

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Memoirs of a Gold-Rush Jason

By T. H. Watkins

"Four decades have passed since then, and the writer who was at that period in the first flush of manhood, looks back to his last six years in California as the happiest in the whole course of his experience. No one can tell how dear the memory of that wild life is to him who has enjoyed it. How often his thoughts recur to it in the commonplace of civilized surroundings! Its freedoms from anxiety, its dangers, its risks, its sense of animal health, its constant string of adventures; the exciting gallop over hill and plain, the thrilling explorations amid mountain gorges, all come back to me as I write this, and I lay aside my pen with a sigh as I bid my reader farewell and close my narrative. . . ."

So ends Howard C. Gardiner's memoir of his pursuit of the golden dream. Most of us remember only what we want to remember, and Gardiner's account written in the 1890s, makes him no exception; like the great bulk of those who set down their memories of Gold Rush California, the hardships, privations, and frequently brutal disappointments common to the average goldseeker's experience were softened in the glow of recollection. Gardiner's account, however, possesses qualities far superior to most of the rest: a powerful grasp of time, place, men and movements, and a sinewy narrative flow that lifts his story to the realm of high adventure — which is precisely how Gardiner remembered and intended it to be.

He left New York on March 15, 1849, aboard the steamship *Crescent City*, bound for Chagres at the eastern end of the Isthmus of Panama (among his more than eight hundred fellow passengers was Jessie Benton Frémont, daughter of Senator Thomas Hart Benton and wife of Colonel John C. Frémont, but Gardiner does not mention her). He crossed the Isthmus and arrived in Panama City at the end of March; after a wait of nearly six weeks (shorter than many), he finally found passage aboard a San Francisco–bound ship, the *Sylph*, which hove anchor in the Bay of San Francisco on July 26. From then until September, 1857, when he abdicated the dream that had led him West, California was his home, where he and his fellow goldseekers scrambled over the foothills of the Sierra from Whiskey Bar to Mariposa like so many beetles on a corpse. For some, the dream died hard, and Gardiner pursued it with few interruptions for nearly eight years, a Jason blinded by his own hopes.

Aside from its appeal as a crackling good story (this is not to say that it quite achieves literature; for example, most of the remembered dialogue, characteristic of the era in which it was written, is simply not to be believed), Gardiner's account is of immense value to an understanding of one of this country's most profound national experiences. Themes typical of that experience enrich the book. Like most of his colleagues, he was young, not yet twenty-three when he left New York. Like them, he had found the call of adventure and wealth irresistible; for many, the journey to California was very nearly a moral imperative, an act of gumption they owed themselves, their families, and their future. Most left the environs of the East relatively affluent men and arrived in California almost dead broke, their pokes eaten away by delays and excesses on route; Gardiner left with 475 dollars and stepped shore in San Francisco with six. Like most of the rest, Gardiner was a rank greenhorn in the techniques of the westward movement, a "pioneer" who had hardly done a lick of work in his life, and he learned with them that there was more backbreaking labor than adventure in the whole business. However, unlike many who left California as soon as possible, like men returning from the agonies of war—aged, sobered, and possibly matured by the follies of greed that had led them West—Gardiner hung on until he had accumulated "a few thousands" before

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In Pursuit of the Golden Dream: Reminiscences of San Francisco and the Northern and Southern Mines, 1849–1857 by Howard C. Gardiner, edited by Dale L. Morgan *(Western Hemisphere, Inc., Stoughton, Mass., 1970; 390 pp., bibliographic essay, illus., endpaper map, notes, index, $30.00).*

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he left for a "visit" back home; he never returned. The length of his stay and his sticktoitiveness in following the Lorelei of gold through those years gives us a unique view of the life of the working miner, as he evolved from the individual adventurer of the placer days to the common laborer more typical of the later years of California's golden era, although Gardiner himself never quite relinquished his entrepreneurial status, however disappointing its returns.

As good as it is, Gardiner's account probably would be no more than an uncommonly readable and informative memoir without the editing of Dale Morgan, who has given the book the muscle and bones of scholarship. His introductory essay, "Through the Haze of Time: The California Gold Rush in Retrospect," an incisive discussion of one hundred gold rush reminiscences, surely is one of the most valuable contributions to the literature of the field to appear in recent years, and his eighty pages of meticulous and expansive notes on the text is a counterpoint to Gardiner's memories that enlarges and illuminates them. Taken together, Gardiner's text and Morgan's annotations make up what is in this reviewer's opinion the best book on the subject in the past several years.

Arizona Odyssey: Bibliographic Adventures in Nineteenth-Century Magazines by David M. Goodman *(Arizona Historical Foundation, Tempe, 1969; 360 pp., foreword, preface, illus., index, $20.00).*

By Odie B. Faulk

If bibliographic work generally precedes an explosion of historical writing, then Arizona should shortly witness many welcome blasts. In 1965 the state historical society published *Sources and Readings in Arizona History*, ably edited by Andrew Wallace. The *New Mexico Historical Review* has just run in its October, 1969 and January, 1970, issues, "Materials Relating to New Mexico and Arizona in the Serial Set, 1846–1861" (which will be expanded to include the years 1846–1912 before its publication in book form) compiled by the well-known bibliographer of Arizona, Donald M. Powell. Now the Arizona Historical Foundation has produced the most imposing—and most monumental—bibliography of Arizona ever undertaken, a compilation of articles about the state as published in nineteenth-century magazines. Not only did the Arizona Historical Foundation publish this needed book, it also recognized the need for it to the extent of supporting the research that produced it, thereby doubly earning the thanks of historians.

David M. Goodman began work on this task when yet a graduate student at the University of Arizona, continued it while a doctoral candidate at Texas Christian University, and completed it while a faculty member at the State University of New York at Albany. He has arranged his entries in categories: archeology, Indian customs and tradition, the army, the captive Apaches, travel and description, the Grand Canyon and Colorado River, transportation and communication, animal life, plant life, nongeologic natural phenomena, mining, the Mormons, trade, commerce, and surgery (one of the most fascinating sections), education, labor, hunting, personalities, fiction, and social welfare. Each entry is briefly annotated, and each states where the material can be located—saving the researcher endless battles with his Interlibrary Loan Librarian.

In attempting an evaluation of the worth of this volume, I quote the comment of a colleague, with whom I was discussing *Arizona Odyssey* when it arrived. He said, "How do you review such an item as this except to say, 'My God!' " I add to that a hearty "Amen," for the amount of work that went into this book is staggering. Goodman set himself an exceedingly worthwhile task and executed it brilliantly, and the Arizona Historical Foundation published it in handsome format. Everyone connected with this whole project deserves a round of thanks from historians—who will echo the words written by Senator Barry Goldwater in the foreword: "The Foundation hopes that response to this volume will justify the development of a second volume, one that will begin in 1900, where Dr. Goodman ends the present bibliography."

Odie B. Faulk, *associate professor of history at Oklahoma State University, is author of* Land of Many Frontiers: A History of the American Southwest *(1968) and* The Geronimo Campaign *(1969).*

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Voyages and Adventures of La Pérouse from the fourteenth edition of the F. Valentin abridgment, Tours, 1875. Translated from the French by Julius S. Gassner *(University of Hawaii Press, Honolulu, 1969; 183 pp., illus., map, index, $8.00).*

BY DON GREAME KELLEY

BRIEF AS it is, and far removed in both time and editorial provenance from the 1797 original *Voyage de La Pérouse autour du Monde,* this handsomely produced, slim volume should serve well the present translator's purpose of introducing to American readers an important figure "virtually unknown in the United States outside of esoteric circles." To emphasize this observation, Dr. Gassner, who is associate professor of history at the University of Albuquerque, has described in his preface Admiral Jean-François Galaup, Comte de La Pérouse, as "the foremost French explorer of the Pacific in the eighteenth century [and] second only to Cook."

Nineteenth-century American writers "almost completely ignored him." The neglect of La Pérouse in this country lasted, in fact, until 1959, when two books appeared which Dr. Gassner footnotes: "Charles N. Rudkin, *The First French Expedition to California: La Pérouse in 1786* (Los Angeles: Glen Dawson, 1959); Edward Weber Allen, *The Vanishing Frenchman: The Mysterious Disappearance of Lapérouse* (Rutland, Vt.: C. E. Tuttle, Co., 1959)." Gassner might have emphasized his point of "neglect"—true—by noting that Dawson's title was one of his Early California Travels series (XLVI), issued for a scholars' and collectors' market in an edition of only three hundred fifty copies. Gassner notes—and this is undoubted—that "the same hiatus exists in our general periodical literature."

If he had provided here the full bibliography which this reviewer, for one, would have welcomed, Dr. Gassner would have picked up from *Pacific Discovery* (vol. XIII, no. 1, Jan.–Feb. 1960) a most interesting popular article by Reece Discombe and Pierre Anthonioz, "Voyage to Vanikoro." This is a first-hand account of new findings on the reefs of that Southwest Pacific island of the Santa Cruz group, obviously too late for inclusion in the Allen book. However, these comments are not offered to detract from Dr. Gassner's nicely presented contribution to the La Pérouse matter available in English, a meager list much in need of expansion.

Many AMERICAN WEST readers, perhaps, are most interested in the great Pacific voyages of Cook, La Pérouse, Vancouver, and the rest, as they touch on our own western shores. Some are familiar with Rudkin's work; others have read in Caughey's *California Heritage* (1962) the excerpt from the *Voyage* of 1797 (vol. I, translator not noted) entitled "Life in California," by Jean François Gallup [*sic*] de Lapérouse. It is interesting to compare this version with Dr. Gassner's translation of the Valentin 1875 abridgment. Roughly equal in length, the two readings parallel each other in part, and in part distinctly do not. The Caughey version has earmarks of being perhaps closer to the *Voyage.*

Regardless of whether Dr. Gassner's book, under the flag of adventure and with a minimum of scholarly pedantry is, as suggested, addressed chiefly to the "popular" reader, La Pérouse does surface in our waters, after all, in a distinct if minor role in western American history. On the ill-fated voyage intended to be a circumnavigation, the scientifically-minded French admiral was instructed by his government to (as quoted by Cleland): "visit the California coast 'to make a strict search in these parts not yet known, to see whether there be not some river, or some narrow gulph, forming a communication by means of the interior lakes with some part of Hudson's Bay'; and, finally, to investigate the extent and condition of the California settlements and the colony's military strength."

La Pérouse, his officers and men of the corvettes *Boussole* and *Astrolabe,* greatly enjoyed ten days of hospitality in Monterey and Carmel at the kind hands of Don Pedro Fages and Fr. Lasuén—the first foreign visitors to the Alta California colonies. Having coasted down from Alaska's Lituya Bay via the Panhandle, they repaid their hosts in part by warning them of Russian encroachment on the north.

But the present synopsis of the *Voyage,* and the appended data from Dumont d'Urville's *Voyage de la Corvette*

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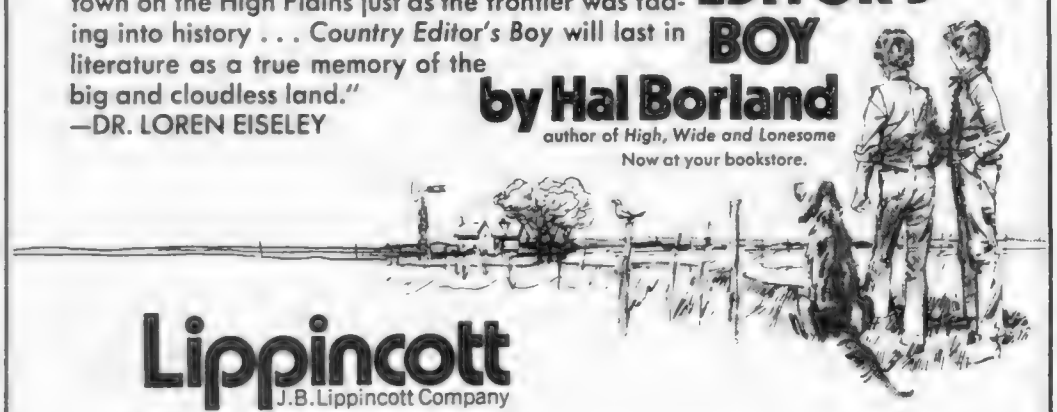

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L'Astrolabe, 1826–1829, in which the commander of a successor *Astrolabe* relates his efforts to ascertain the fate of the La Pérouse expedition, are to be read and enjoyed, not as footnotes to our history but as the great adventures they truly were.

Don Greame Kelley *is an associate editor of the American West Publishing Company and former editor of the* Pacific Discovery.

Wilderness Defender: Horace M. Albright and Conservation by Donald C. Swain *(University of Chicago Press, Chicago, 1970; 347 pp., illus., index, $10.75).*

BY RODERICK NASH

INITIALLY, THE READER OF this attractive book could legitimately ask: Who is Horace Albright? He was not measured by our society's arbitrary scale of greatness, even close to the top. His accomplishments in the field of conservation and in the business world, although adequate, were not outstanding. Obviously, the *raison d'être* for this book results from Albright's role in helping to establish the National Park Service in 1916 and his career as its director from 1929 to 1933. Fortunately, Professor Donald Swain exhibits great wisdom in recognizing the strengths and weaknesses of the man and has written a book that is important because of the circumstances of time and place and Albright's relationship to these circumstances. Swain acknowledges Albright's achievements without benefit of eulogy.

Swain has also taken pains to produce an interesting book. As a writer he has relaxed considerably since his first work, *Federal Conservation Policy, 1921–1933* (1963). His style has taken on a light, anecdotal, wryly humorous quality that carries the account through some rather tedious topics. This is not to say that *Wilderness Defender* is other than a thoroughly professional work. Swain is a master at the patient unraveling of political history, and his ample documentation gives evidence of long and careful research.

One of the central themes in this book is the tension between various definitions of *conservation,* resulting in conflict between the utilitarianism of Gifford Pinchot and the United States Forest Service, and the preservation inclinations of the National Park Service. The preservationists themselves often disagreed. Were national parks to be managed primarily as attractions for the growing masses of motorized tourists? Or was their primary purpose the protection of spectacular natural environments from alteration by civilization? According to Swain, Albright took a middle course on this issue. Following his mentor and the first director of the National Park Service, Stephen T. Mather, Albright realized that the political viability of the parks depended on their popularity. The number of visitors, then, became crucial. If that number could be raised by better roads, bigger hotels, and staged feedings of bears in garbage pits (as in Yellowstone National Park during Albright's tenure as superintendent), so much the better. But Albright also understood that wildness, after all, was the chief attraction of the parks—what distinguished them, for instance, from zoos. He steadfastly resisted attempts to alter the wild back country of the parks.

Still another controversy was the federal government versus local landowners as the best custodians of scenery. Here the stormy thirty-year history of the establishment of Grand Teton National Park is central. Swain tells it in detail because Albright was involved in every phase. The Teton episode reveals Albright at his best: promoting, politicking, pushing, compromising for an ideal.

Knowing that Swain secured the personal cooperation of Albright in preparing this book, I examined it closely for suggestions of bias. There are none. Albright receives credit but is not unduly praised. Indeed Swain does not hesitate to state that Albright's attraction to undercover conservation gamesmanship aroused public suspicion and even conflict of interest charges.

A fascinating kaleidoscope of men and events run through these pages: Herbert Hoover, Harold Ickes, Franklin D. Roosevelt, the 100 Days, Teapot Dome, the CCC. *Wilderness Defender* proves again that biography is an excellent way to write history.

Roderick Nash, *assistant professor of history at the University of California at Santa Barbara, is author of* Wilderness and the American Mind *(1967) and a contributor to* The Grand Colorado *(1969) published by American West Publishing Company.*

New .... from California

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The Artist Was a Young Man: The Life Story of Peter Rindisbacher, by Alvin M. Josephy, Jr. *(Amon Carter Museum, Fort Worth, 1970; 102 pp., illus., notes, biblio., index, $12.50).*

BY DON RUSSELL

DISCOVERY of an "unknown" or "forgotten" artist of the early West is not always an occasion for drums and flourishes. On occasion the neglect has been intentional and for good reason. Yet it has not been long since both Alfred Jacob Miller and Karl Bodmer were rediscovered, and even Catlin has had ups and downs in critical favor. Peter Rindisbacher preceded all of them in depicting the American Indian, a strong point in his favor, for the earlier the picture, the less white influence is apparent—recall Catlin's Indians in army uniforms and top hats. Furthermore, critics will probably agree that Rindisbacher was an able, painstaking, and competent artist.

Although the name of Peter Rindisbacher is almost unknown, much of his work is quite familiar. His buffalo-hunting scenes, among the first ever painted, have been reproduced frequently—without credit to the artist. His work appears in the McKenney and Hall "Indian Tribes," and in Charles Augustus Murray's "Travels." A series of steel engravings in the *American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine* have had wider exposure.

Rindisbacher's family was among the Swiss immigrants recruited for the Hudson's Bay Company's unfortunate Red River colony, and arrived in 1821 when Peter was 15. Some of his earliest drawings show ships menaced by ice in Hudson Bay, an Eskimo family, and dogsled travel. During Peter's stay in the colony, many of his drawings and paintings were purchased by Hudson's Bay officials. Eventually most of the Swiss colonists left for the United States, where Rindisbacher painted "The Murder of David Tully and Family by the Sisseton Sioux," typical of the "horrors of Indian warfare" genre. Peter spent some time at Fort Snelling, Prairie du Chien, and the Galena area, eventually settling in St. Louis where he worked as a portrait painter. There he died at the age of 28—another reason for his obscurity.

Rindisbacher's work is very exact and sharp in detail, and thus of great historical value. And because he had no formal training in art, he did not attempt to romanticize, as did Miller. In much of his work, Rindisbacher started with pen or pencil sketch and later copied in watercolor; there are many examples in this book showing both stages. His sketches were usually of scenes he observed; in only a few cases did he depict events that had occurred elsewhere.

Alvin Josephy has assembled the known facts of the artist's career which, considering its brevity, may be as much as could be expected. There is also adequate discussion of background events, and much detail on the surviving pictures, many of which have been collected and valued. Josephy has produced an able introduction to a frontier artist who may well rank among the best.

Don Russell, *a member of the editorial board of* THE AMERICAN WEST, *is editor of* The Brand Book *of the Westerners Chicago Corral.*

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Ferol Egan, a new associate editor of THE AMERICAN WEST, *is no longer writing Books in Brief.*

Immigrants and Politics: The Germans of Nebraska, 1880–1900 by Frederick C. Luebke *(University of Nebraska Press, Lincoln, 1969; 220 pp., preface, charts, appen., biblio., index, $7.95).*

A NEW APPROACH to political behavior using sociological concepts within a historical framework, to show the Germans' assimilation into Nebraska of the late 1800s. With extensive demographic data, this book demonstrates how political acculturation was influenced by many variables, some relevant today. Valuable not only to historians, but also to social and behavioral scientists in its clarification of ethnic minority troubles.

Madame Charbonneau by John E. Rees *(Lemhi County Historical Society, Salmon, Idaho, 1970; 27 pp., paper, $1.00).*

A reprinted letter written to the national commissioner of Indian affairs in the 1920s by John Rees, shedding new light on the saga of "the heroine of the Lewis and Clark expedition"—Sacajawea. Although mystery still surrounds this legendary, remarkable Indian woman, Rees provides insight into the true story with his knowledge of the Shoshoni people, their customs, and the explorers of the early West.

America the Vanishing: Rural Life and the Price of Progress edited by Samuel R. Ogden *(Stephen Greene Press, Brattleboro, Vt., 1969; 242 pp., intro., illus., $6.95).*

A COLLECTION OF classic writings on our environment, with a pertinent message for today's conservation crusade. Includes works of renowned writers of the American scene—West to East—from Audubon and Muir to Rachel Carson and Theodore Dreiser.

The Great Ice Ship *Bear*: Eighty-Nine Years in Polar Seas by Polly Burroughs *(Van Nostrand Reinhold Company, New York, 1970; 104 pp., illus., biblio., $4.95).*

THE SAGA OF an ice ship that patrolled the waters of the Bering Sea and Arctic Ocean, and withstood treacherous ice conditions to perform its duty. Between routine operations, the *Bear* took on the role of law enforcement during the 1899 Alaskan gold rush, rescued whalers trapped in Arctic ice, and accompanied Admiral Byrd on his expeditions to Antarctica.

Walter Van Tilburg Clark by Max Westbrook *(Twayne's United States Authors series, Twayne Publishers, Inc., New York, 1969; 166 pp., preface, chronology, notes, biblio., index, $4.50).*

AN IN-DEPTH STUDY of Walter Van Tilburg Clark, resident and writer of the West, and perhaps best known for his book *The Ox-Bow Incident.* Includes a biographical sketch and concentrates on his writing and literary credo.

The Henry E. Huntington Library and Art Gallery: From Its Beginnings to 1969 by John E. Pomfret *(Huntington Library, San Marino, Calif., 1969; 241 pp., intro., illus., biblio., index, $8.50).*

AN INFORMATIVE RECORD of the growth of this institution from its founding fifty-one years ago, as told by its former director. Described is the development of the rare book and art collections, research facilities, and publications department, and tribute is paid to those people who have helped to guide the Huntington's maturation to the multifaceted organization it is today.

Mission of Sorrows: Jesuit Guevavi and the Pimas, 1691–1767 by John L. Kessell *(University of Arizona Press, Tucson, 1970; 224 pp., foreword, preface, illus., appen., biblio., index, $10.00).*

A HIGHLY READABLE narrative and important contribution to the history of the Spanish borderlands in what is now Arizona. *Mission of Sorrows* is an in-depth study of a single Jesuit mission among the Pima Indians—its padres, struggles and accomplishments with the Indians, and eventual end at the hands of the Apaches—all meticulously researched and documented.

Island in the Rockies: The History of Grand County, Colorado, to 1930 by Robert C. Black III *(Pruett Publishing Company, Boulder, Colorado, 1969; 435 pp., preface, illus., biblio., index, $10.00).*

A THOROUGHLY annotated account of this north central Colorado county—its people, formation, and role in the state's history. Includes maps, numerous photos, and extensive bibliography and footnotes.

Barbs, Prongs, Points, Prickers, & Stickers by Robert T. Clifton *(University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, 1970; 418 pp., foreword, intro., ref., index, illus.; cloth $8.95, paper $5.95).*

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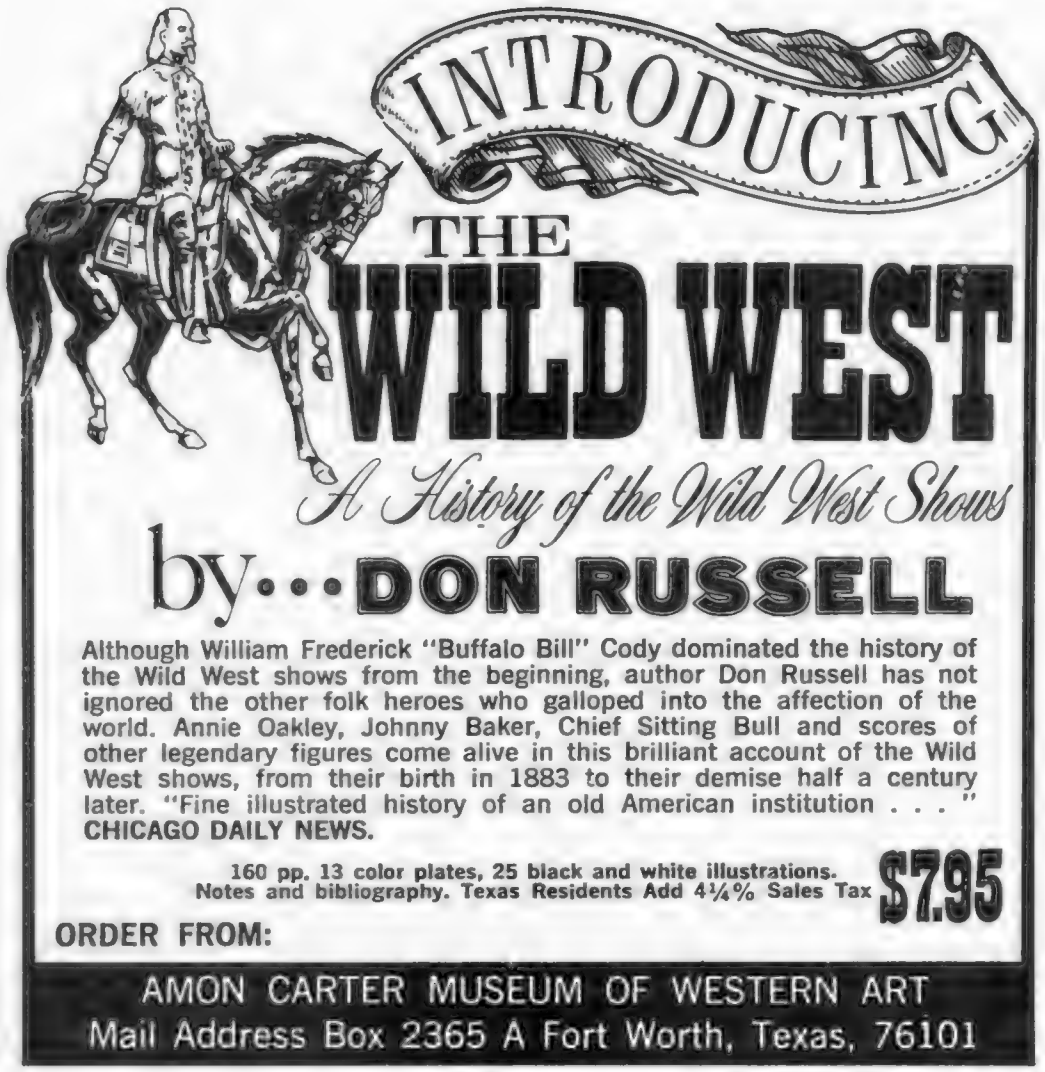
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THE MARQUIS DE MORES

(Continued from page 54)

The magnitude and multitude of de Mores' enterprises during his three years in Dakota could have filled a lifetime and should have been successful. Harassed by hostility, trials, rustling, and the beef trust, his empire collapsed and he returned to France. There his life continued to encompass one violent episode after another until he was assassinated in the African desert by political enemies.

Fortunately, Dresden's biography includes many photographs, notes on chapter sources, and an extensive bibliography.

The Marquis de Mores is the story of a remarkable man, fascinatingly told with historical accuracy, well documented from contemporary sources. And most important, it is the first complete account in English of this audacious Frenchman.

Paul Elder *is book editor for the San Francisco* Examiner.

CODY, KINGS, AND CORONETS

(Continued from page 10)

few of the visitors considered that they had seen the sights until they had also visited Buffalo Bill's Wild West. The show's profit was estimated at $700,000 to $1,000,000 for the season.

The show never topped its 1893 success in Chicago. The 1894 season was spent in greater New York, mainly in Ambrose Park, South Brooklyn. The grandstand had twenty thousand seats, and two performances at fifty cents admission meant a sellout take of $20,000; but expenses were $4,000 a day, and there were many days when they did not even make expenses. Cody was in debt at the end of the season. A more serious setback was the illness of Nate Salsbury, who never resumed active management of the show. And another force caught up with the show: the movement of history. By the end of the nineties, many personalities who were objects of curiosity in Buffalo Bill's early tours were dead; the survivors were no longer in the news. At the Chicago World's Fair, historian Frederick Jackson Turner noted that according to the 1890 census there was no longer a frontier. The world had grown complicated and showed every sign of continuing in that vein.

In many ways, then, the first ten years of Buffalo Bill's Wild West—1883 to 1893—marked the golden era of the Wild West show in America, even though the genre continued in mutant forms well into the twentieth century. It spawned many competitors and imitators, but the Cody show remained the biggest and best of the lot in its heyday—initiating an ongoing process of illusion-making that has made its image of the West a part of our heritage. The Wild West show in its beginning was a representation of a historical era that was still contemporary. As time went on dramatization continued the illusion, as did the accompanying popular literature and its eventual translation to movies and television. The resultant legendary West derived in large part from the Wild West show. The melodramas, the movies, and the television serials were not drama; the dime novel and the "Western" fiction were not literature; the twenty-four sheet lithograph was not art. Yet each left an impression on the American scene that that cannot be ignored. The song the cowboy sang to the herds on the bedground has become part of our legacy, and so have the heralds, the couriers, and the posters that announced the coming of the Wild West show.

Don Russell, *a member of the editorial board of* The American West *and editor of the* Brand Book *of the Chicago Corral of Westerners, is the author of many articles and books on various aspects of western history, including* The Lives and Legends of Buffalo Bill *(1960) and* Custer's Last *(1968). "Cody, Kings, and Coronets" was adapted from portions of his latest book,* The Wild West: A History of the Wild West Shows, *recently published by the Amon Carter Museum of Western Art—which also supplied several of the illustrations for this article.*

RECLAMATION — The rise and fall of an American idea

Paul S. Taylor (continued from page 33)

from New England, North Atlantic, and North Central states voted in close balance: 51 "yea" and 45 "nay," with 104 "present" or "not voting." Stronger support for western reclamation, both absolutely and relatively, came from South Atlantic and South Central states: 57 representatives voted "yea," only 10 voted "nay," and only 34 abstained. With the weight of votes from West and South, and a bare majority in the East, national reclamation became law on June 17, 1902.

III

TIME HAS NOW GIVEN its own answers to the three questions the irrigation and national congresses faced from 1891 to 1902. National reclamation has brought water to eight million acres with an annual crop value of $1.7 billion. The proportion of the nation's population resident in western reclamation states has risen from one-seventh to one-fourth. The national government has invested, or authorized investment of, about $10 billion to reclaim the arid West. Senator Willis Robertson, of Virginia, commently wryly in 1959, during debate on authorization of a California project, that "in Virginia . . . if we irrigate the land, we pay for the irrigation ourselves." Subsidies to western landowners for irrigation have been estimated from $600 to $2000 per acre.

These answers to the first two questions fit the prescriptions of the irrigation and national congresses. The West has been accorded the favored place which its active citizens of two generations ago worked so hard to attain. Time's answer to the third question, however, is very different from the answer planned by citizens and the national Congress, who agreed that water should be limited to 160 acres per individual landowner.

Although the law remains on the statutes books, administrators charged with its observance have allowed widespread and prolonged violation. With masterly understatement Secretary of the Interior Stewart L. Udall advised Congress in 1964 that "both Congress and the executive branch have on occasion exhibited a degree of concern [for the owner of more than 160 acres] which may be difficult to reconcile with the policies embraced by the excess-land law." A leading attorney for the California Water Project Authority blandly told Congress in 1944 that even if it allowed the excess-land law to remain on the books, "the law would simply have to be ignored" in the Central Valley of that state. As precedent, he cited the protracted nonenforcement of the law on Salt River and Imperial Valley projects. The Bureau of Reclamation reported about the same time that thirty-four landowners in the southern Central Valley owned three-quarters of a million acres—about equal to the area of the state of Rhode Island.

As debate on the subject went into another round at the close of the fifties, Senator Paul Douglas, of Illinois, gave penetrating analysis of the failure of law observance and enforcement. "I know of the pressure in California in support of large farms and large agricultural holdings. . . . The advocates of such holdings are powerful, whereas the small farmers who might use that land are in the future; and they are therefore, for the present, nonexistent. It is always hard for the indefinite future to compete with the powerful present." And again: "I have seen enough of the operations of the Department of the Interior . . . to know it is one thing to get [the 160-acre provision] in the law, and it is another thing to get it carried out as you face a mighty combination of landowners."

Reclamation, said the Supreme Court in 1958, is "designed to benefit people, not land." Yet with the passing of time it becomes ever clearer that while the desert may blossom as the rose, the political power of giant landowners has taken precedence over people. Law observance is a victim, honored in the breach. Time is providing a watery rerun of California's nineteenth century, marked in historian Paul Gates' words by the "apparent ease with which large landowners could twist and subvert for their own benefit land laws designed for the landless."

BIBLIOGRAPHIC NOTE

The principal sources for this article include the official proceedings of the Irrigation Congress, the periodical *Irrigation Age*, and the *Congressional Record* of the Fifty-seventh Congress, both House and Senate documents. The latter begins with the famous J. W. Powell report of 1878 on the arid region (H. Ex. Doc. 73, ser. 1805) and carries through to the House report on the reclamation bill (H.R.R. 794, ser. 4402).

Among the secondary sources are S. E. Davison, "Leadership of the Reclamation Movement, 1875–1902" (dissertation, University of California, Berkeley) and a book by E. Louise Peffer, *Closing of the Public Domain, 1900–1950* (1951). Among the articles are Paul Wallace Gates, "California's Embattled Settlers" (*California Historical Society Quarterly*, XLI) and Charles O. Korr, "William Hammond Hall: Failure of Attempts at State Water Planning in California, 1878-1888" (*Southern California Quarterly*, XLV). The author has filed a complete list of his sources at the Bancroft Library, University of California, Berkeley.

Paul S. Taylor, *whose "Water, Land, and People in the Great Valley" appeared in the March, 1968, issue of* THE AMERICAN WEST, *is one of the nation's leading authorities on reclamation law. Between 1943 and 1952, he served as a consultant to both the Secretary of the Interior and the Bureau of Reclamation, and today is professor emeritus of economics at the University of California, Berkeley.*

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Membership in the Association is open to anyone interested in the history and culture of the American West. Membership is solicited, and inquiries should be addressed to the Secretary, Arrell M. Gibson, Faculty Exchange, University of Oklahoma, Norman, Oklahoma 73069. Annual Dues $9.00 (including THE AMERICAN WEST and other association publications), Sustaining Member $15 annually, Patron $100 or more annually, Life Member $150 paid in a twelve-month period. Student Membership, $5.00.

All interested persons are invited to register and attend the Western History Association's annual Conference on the History of Western America: Harrah's Hotel, Reno, October 8-9-10.

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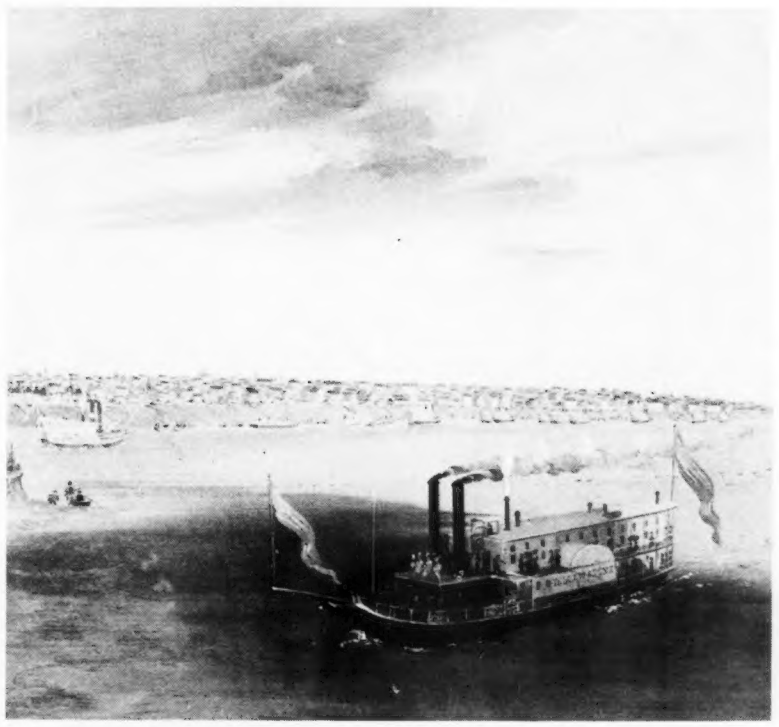

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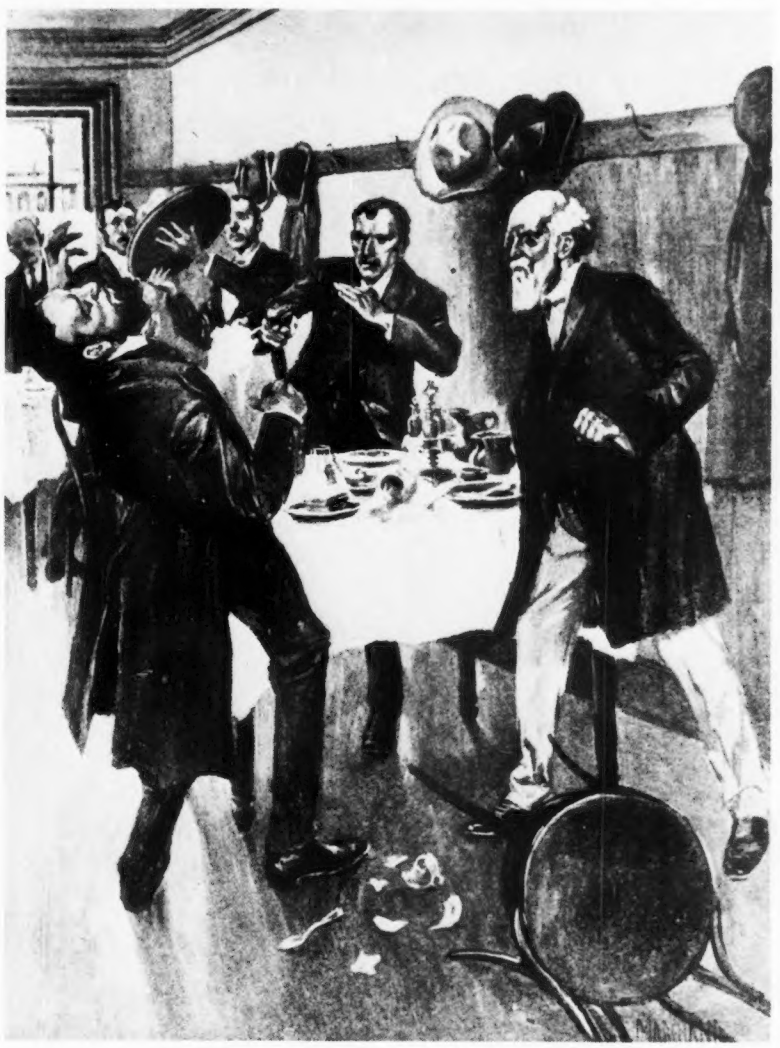

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